The Living Age

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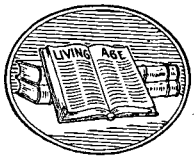
From Beginning



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Eighth Series

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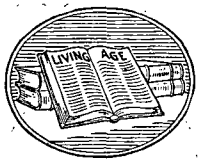

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THE LIVING AGE
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THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

I. THE FRENCH CONCEPTION

BY PROFESSOR TH. RUYSSEN

If we consider as a whole the manifestations of political life in modern France, we cannot fail to be struck by one trait which is common to them all. This trait is Rationalism. The average Frenchman by temperament has but little of the mystic; but he makes up for this by a passion for clear ideas. The system of Descartes, which is just the system of 'clear and distinct ideas,' is essentially the expression of the French spirit, and dominates the whole development of French thought in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In particular it inspires to a large extent the 'ideology' of the French revolution. If the 'Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen' of 1789 opens with the fundamental axiom: 'Men are born and remain free and equal in rights,' it is because *Le Discours de la Méthode* also opens with the assertion: 'Common sense is the thing best distributed in all the world,' and because this equal apportionment of reason among all men makes it impossible to justify hereditary 'privileges.' No more 'nobles,' no more 'peasants,' nothing but free 'persons,' citizens with equal rights. This character explains every aspect of French legislation — the rights of every citizen to qualify for any office, the separation of Church and State, free and compulsory education, the exclusion of religious instruction from the school, universal and compulsory military service.

The French conception of the Society of Nations is no exception to this general rule, for it is essentially *rationalist.* It is remarkable that the writers who have advocated it and the groups which have been formed for its support have scarcely ever been inspired by religious beliefs. Volney, Saint-Simon, Louis Blanc, Victor Hugo, Proudhon, Charles Lemonnier, Frédéric Passy (to quote only the dead) were 'free thinkers.' In particular the French Catholics have always shown utter indifference or even open hostility towards 'pacifism,' dismissing it as a revolutionary Utopia; and Gratry is the only Catholic thinker of eminence who has polemized in favor of an international organization of mankind. The pacifist propaganda has found far greater favor among Protestants and Jews; but even in these circles it has always assumed a strictly lay form. The churches and

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synagogues have stood almost entirely aloof.

What, then, is in France the general principle from which the idea of the Society of Nations is derived? It is the thoroughly rational conception that what is true of individuals is also true of groups of individuals — that law, which succeeds in assuring a minimum of liberty, order, and security inside human societies, must be capable also of establishing peace and justice between these societies, by uniting them in still larger groups. Besides, thorough equality between human beings has this result that they find beyond the frontiers of their own country men like themselves whom they must respect; and thus the law does not stop at the gates of the city. National law contains the germ of international law.

But side by side with this purely logical idea there is also a moral idea. The Frenchman, while a rationalist, is also an universalist. He finds it hard to admit that a people should keep for itself the benefit of the moral riches with which it is endowed; and he is passionately attached to the propaganda of ideas. In the equality of individuals, on which the equality of peoples rests, he sees the origin of a duty — the duty of spreading abroad truth and justice.

This explains how the French revolution, which opened with the 'Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen,' very quickly went on to claim the Rights of the Peoples, the principles of the Society of Nations, and to proclaim a crusade for the establishment of international justice. As early as 1790 Danton declared that patriotism 'must have no other limits than the universe'; and Mirabeau, that realist politician, eagerly evoked 'the compact of the federation of mankind.' The same year Volney presented to the Constituent Assembly a draft, whose first article declared 'the universality of the human race, as forming but a single and identical society whose object is the peace and happiness of all and each of its members.' The second article specified 'that in that great general society, the peoples and States, considered individually, enjoy the same natural rights and are subject to the same laws of justice as the individuals in partial and secondary societies.'

This is undoubtedly the first instance in political history of an express affirmation of the principle of the Society of Nations. Many other analogous projects were laid before successive revolutionary assemblies, and if, by reason of external dangers, none of them acquired force of law, the Constituent did vote the following decree on May 22, 1790: 'The French nation renounces all war undertaken with a view to conquest and will never employ its forces against the liberties of any people.'

It is true that these fine humanitarian principles and noble promises did not hold against the pressure of events. Attacked by Prussia and Austria, the Revolution had to make war to defend itself; but it acquired the taste, and soon becoming victorious and annexationist, prepared the way for Napoleon. It is none the less true that the French Revolution remains the initiator of the rational and humanitarian conception of the Society of Nations; and if this conception to-day dominates the discussions of the Peace Conference, it may fairly be maintained that Paris deserved the honor of acting as host to the Congress which is, we hope, to found the Society of Nations.

. . . . . .

The revolutionary idea of a Society of Nations has not appreciably changed during the whole history of ideas in the nineteenth century. We find it once more in the Socialist and humanitarian schools and in certain Liberal circles; and, more recently, it inspired the

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French peace societies, and, in particular, the largest and most active, the *Association de la Paix par le Droit*. Since the war it is still this idea which underlies the action of a powerful group, the *Ligue des Droits de l'Homme et du Citoyen*. Finally, it is to be found in every line of the programme of a recently formed group, the *Association Française pour la Société des Nations*, sister of the League to Enforce Peace, the World's Court League, and the League of Free Nations' Association.

If, however, there is agreement on the principles, it is only natural that in putting them into practice more than one divergence of opinion should reveal itself. A large number of 'programmes for a durable peace' have been produced in France since the outbreak of war, and their number has grown since the armistice assured victory to the Allied cause. Though, however, we cannot expect unanimity of view among them, it is possible to detect certain traits common to almost all.

The French mind is often accused of losing itself too readily in ideologies which may be described as chimerical; but, though there may be some ground for this charge in the past, it would seem to-day to be without foundation. The programmes of lasting peace put forward during the war are remarkable rather for their prudence than for their boldness. Besides, this comparative timidity is explicable enough in a people which was surprised by war when the great majority of its citizens were profoundly pacific, and when, indeed, many of them thought war to be highly improbable. The rude surprise of 1914 justifies the insistence upon 'peace guarantees' which is general among all the theorists of the Society of Nations. Undoubtedly all agree in recognizing that an international organization of the peoples must carry with it — like every regular national society — certain legislative, executive, and judicial institutions; and everyone has ended by accepting the idea of a Parliament, an administration, and a tribunal which would be common to all the peoples belonging to the Society of Nations. But of these three 'powers' which are proper and essential to every political organization, it is, as a rule, to the judicial that most importance is attached. People are less concerned with conducting in common the great interests of mankind than with averting future wars; and for this purpose the main effort is concentrated upon juridical methods such as will secure the peaceful settlement of international conflicts. There is talk of commissions of inquiry, of conciliation, of compulsory arbitration; in short, above all, of completing the work, so obviously imperfect, of the Hague Conferences. It is asked what means the Society of Nations will dispose of, to impose peace upon offending States, and thus the problem of international sanctions is especially in evidence. In this respect preference is generally given to *economic* sanctions, though without excluding military action. Thus the idea of an international police and army has won votes in certain conservative or moderate circles which had formerly shown themselves resolutely hostile.

This same fear of similar surprises to that of 1914 leads many to impose severe conditions upon the admission of Germany and her Allies into the Society of Nations. The creation of 'the United States of the World' seems to many minds a still distant ideal, and the general disposition is to advance by stages, the first of which would consist in constituting the existing group of Allies into a 'League of Nations to impose peace.' To such a league would be admitted such neutral States as possess a democratic constitution, and Germany herself, when she has fur-

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nished incontestable pledges of her political and moral regeneration.

It is the same prudence which prompts many minds to maintain as complete as possible the independence of each of the Associated States. Undoubtedly in principle it is admitted that every association among States involves a certain limitation of national 'sovereignty'; but there is a very general inclination to reduce this limitation to the strict minimum necessary for concluding an international compact. The idea of a 'Federation,' and still more that of a super-State, is repugnant to the majority of minds. In this respect French opinion does not appear to have reached the same degree of ripeness as British or American opinion.

Finally, on another point French opinion is, if not hostile, at any rate irresolute, and once more lags behind opinion in many other countries. It has hitherto paid only very slight attention to the conditions of the Treaty of Peace relative to labor legislation. Most peace programmes are silent on this point, and not a single representative of the labor world has been accredited to the Conference. Only the Socialist Party and the *Confédération Générale du Travail* have drawn up an international programme of labor conditions, without awakening an echo in the Liberal or Conservative party.

We are thus forced to conclude, however regretfully, that the French programme of the Society of Nations has not developed as much as might be expected from its revolutionary origins. This reserve is to be explained by the still poignant memories of a war from which France has suffered more than any other country, and, above all, by the general timidity of the middle class, which in France is very large, very strongly attached to the existing social order, and indifferently informed by its press on the great human problems of the hour.

None the less, such words as justice, right, fraternity, never fail to move profoundly the French soul. The immense enthusiasm with which President Wilson has been welcomed in France proves that the sources of idealism in our country are far from running dry; and it may be hoped that, in fraternal collaboration with the two great English-speaking democracies, France will build tall and firm that City of the Nations whose foundations she was the first to lay in the heroic days of 1789.

The New Europe.

II. AN AUSTRIAN VIEW

BY KARL KAUTSKY

UNIVERSAL disarmament has ceased to be a dream of the pacifists, and has become an economic necessity. International disarmament, however, is impossible without international institutions for controlling or deciding controversies between peoples and governments, which otherwise would resort to weapons to solve their differences. We do, indeed, anticipate that the coming peace will settle important disputes between the leading nations for a considerable time to come. But there will be innumerable questions of controversy between the small governments just being erected in eastern Europe after peace has been made. It is vain to hope that the peace treaty will succeed in establishing things upon a final basis in that region that will be satisfactory to all the parties affected. Mistakes in drawing boundaries are possible. Changes of attitude may occur as soon as the existing excitement and hostility have disappeared. These conditions will create a continued effort for revising the peace treaty, and result either in perpetual war or perpetual danger of war, such as we had in the Balkans for some time before the

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present world catastrophe. The only way to avoid this will be to create some institution authorized to pass judicially upon such controversies, and supported by the community of nations, so that no individual government will even consider an attempt to resist, by force of arms, its superior authority.

But if we have universal disarmament and international arbitration, then national frontiers will lose their strategic importance. Consequently, those governments born out of the present war, whose frontiers are not favorable from a strategic point of view, are the most interested in having universal disarmament and international arbitration.

The world-war has also dealt a vital blow to the previous tariff system. It has produced an extraordinary shortage of food and raw material, and an abnormal increase in prices of every manufacturing country. At the same time it has accentuated in a high degree the conflict of interest between the farming population and the city working classes, which already was manifesting itself before the war. Finally, it has — at least in Eastern Europe — started a contest to overthrow the still feudalistic tenures of the great landholders.

The latter conflict is as real and present in Bohemia as in Poland and Hungary. To be sure, the Bohemian nobleman is of a different sort from the Hungarian. He has not fought for centuries for masters and existence, but has withdrawn from political activity since the battle of White Mountain, and contented himself with a quiet and retired life of ease and luxury. He is the peer of the Hungarian nobility in avarice and extortion, but not in talent and energy. His power will be broken more easily than that of his Hungarian fellow.

The characteristic features of the period following the war will everywhere be the overthrow of Junker authority, the steady growth of opposition on the part of the city population, to agrarian demands, and an unendurable increase of prices. It is hardly likely, under these conditions, that we shall see protective duties on agricultural products restored.

But when the tariff on agricultural products disappears, the justification for a tariff on manufactures disappears. For a long period, the latter has not been a measure to stimulate manufacturing, but to insure manufacturers a monopoly market. Other methods of encouraging manufacturers in industrially backward countries may be employed with equal confidence, and at the same time be free from the objection of increasing the prices of products. Indeed they may even lower the price of products. This latter consideration will be a determining one during the era of poverty and want that is to follow the present war.

To the extent that tariffs lose their old importance and that freedom of trade becomes possible, individual States will cease to attach importance to particular economic territories, and the principles of national self-determination will be correspondingly unaffected by considerations of international commerce.

We must oppose firmly the plan of substituting tariff unions for general free trade. The latter was merely a way of grouping nations together in order to build up trade barriers between the groups. Every such group is instinctively hostile to every other, and the system bears within it the germ of economic warfare. That germ is incompatible with the ideals of universal disarmament and permanent peace.

A Balkan federation, or a Danube federation, or a Middle Europe or Russian federation, or whatever other such

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scheme may be devised, will indicate no progress, but rather an obstacle, so far as these leagues are tariff unions, likely to prevent a general federation of the world. If economic necessities force nations to unite for purposes of general disarmament and international arbitration, economic necessity will rapidly extend this community of action to other fields of political and business life. We are dealing with forces whose initial manifestations are only a beginning of wider effects. But the possibility of internationalizing colonies, and open seas and canals, has been suggested. The demand that many waterways be internationalized and the freedom of the sea assured arises from a recognition that unrestricted participation in international trade, unrestricted use of international channels of communication, are questions of life and death for every modern nation. This is why it is so important now for a government to control its own access to the sea.

To be sure, in this age of railways the sea is far from being the only international route of traffic. Railways have already become more important for many nations. It may be as detrimental to the interests of a country to be dependent on the railway policies of a neighbor as to be cut off from the sea.

It was a great and significant ideal of modern German statesmen to control a railway connection extending from Hamburg to Bagdad. The only bad thing about it was that trade routes are also military routes, and that the route we planned would serve our purpose of world mastery as much as it would our desire for world commerce. But that is no reason for dropping the idea entirely; for we can deprive it of all its associations of military objects and plans of domination.

The Balkan war and the world war, which have separated Turkey, Austria, and Russia, into a series of smaller States, have not improved the conditions for standardizing international railway traffic, but have impaired them. When we started to build the Bagdad railway, communication between Hamburg and Bagdad would have been subject to the control of but three governments, Germany, Austria, and Turkey. From now on, goods passing between Germany and Bagdad will have to pass through Czech, German-Austrian, Hungarian, Serb, Bulgarian, and Turkish jurisdictions in order to arrive at an Arabian destination.

Unless this is to remain a serious step backward, it is urgently important that this particular line, and every railway line of international importance, shall have an international administration, although it need not be international property. Every country engaged in international trade has equal interest in such a plan, particularly those nations which are cut off from the sea. On the other hand, such an arrangement, combined with universal free trade, would deprive governments of every principal motive for seeking access to the sea, and countries like Hungary, Poland, and Bohemia would feel assured of their economic future without such access.

Other new countries, whose national enthusiasm is not at high flood, and that most zealously proclaim and define their national autonomy, have a principal interest in seeing that the international institutions, that will inevitably be created by the peace treaty are given the greatest possible power and the widest possible jurisdiction.

Those countries are also mainly interested in having the international Socialist proletariat exercise the most powerful possible influence in the course of world events.

We must not undervalue the international institutions which are to be

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called to life,—as do many radical Socialists,—because these institutions will be established in the first place by bourgeois governments. Such Socialists forget the dominant rôle in historical evolution that economic demands play hand in hand with the plans of governments. This dominant influence is what, in our opinion, will force the creation of international institutions that will not be the product of political desires. Such institutions are among the conditions precedent to the final victory of the working class, predicted by Engels as an absolutely certain result of the world-war, which he foresaw.

Consequently, we do not underestimate the value of these institutions. But there is no doubt but what some bourgeois governments will take this unaccustomed course with hesitation, while others will continue to strive for directer ways of attaining their selfish objects. One of the first and most important duties of the international proletariat, which is just reviving, will consist in stimulating the laggard governments and preventing these new institutions from being employed for political purposes.

The more successful we are in thus making permanently secure the self-determination of all nations, and in preventing national wars, which engage the attention and disperse the energy of the proletariat, the more readily we shall be able to unite our forces for the great final struggle against the capitalist system of production, which the conclusion of peace makes the next item upon the programme of every nation.

The Arbeiter Zeitung

III. AN ENGLISH LIBERAL VIEW

It is no wonder that the draft proposal for a League of Nations to which the representatives of fourteen nations recently put their signatures should have been greeted with a round of applause the world over. Every war-stricken people has come to see in the idea of a peaceable Society of Nations the one star of hope in the blackness of the night. All waited with deep anxiety to see how its great American champion would fare in his struggle with the powers of reaction and of unbelief in Europe. Mr. Wilson's latest pæan, followed by the acclamations of the statesmen of the great and small Allies at Paris, have carried everywhere the conviction that the fight for this great ideal has been won and the foundation of pacific internationalism well and truly laid. Before such universal satisfaction and applause even the most hardy Chauvinism has bowed its head. The general verdict is that Mr. Wilson has, in the familiar language of his countrymen, 'made good.'

Almost all the services with which supporters have accredited a League of Nations are duly incorporated in this plan. Almost all the perils and the stumbling blocks appear to have been averted and avoided. The league is to be no close corporation, but is to open its arms to all peoples who approach it with reliable credentials. Fruitful co-operation is made compatible with the retention of full sovereignty. Ample and appropriate adjustments are made for the equality of sovereign States in a House of Delegates and the well-tempered authority of the great States to whom are entrusted the operative functions of the Executive Council. All the well-known provisions for the equitable settlement of disputes are there, the Court of Arbitration, and presently a Judicial Tribunal for dealing with judiciable cases, and processes of inquiry and conciliation for differences of policy unsuited to more rigorous processes of

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law or arbitration. Strict covenants are to secure the needed delay for the arbitration or inquiry, and to secure the full protection of the league for any member who complies with the award or the recommendation of the League Courts against any member who refuses to comply. Other excellent provisions are made for this protection or safeguarding of lower races against exploitation, where they come under the ægis of the league, for securing a human international standard for labor, and for full publicity and revision for treaties. Past obligations inconsistent with the principles of the league are to be canceled. Armaments are to be restricted and controlled, a full supervision of all military (and naval?) preparations is to be exercised by the league, and private enterprise in the manufacture and exportation of munitions is formally condemned, if not forbidden.

This admirable array of pacific and constructive internationalism seems to support the most sanguine expectations of the new era. Indeed, a good deal of surprise has been shown at the surrender of the French and Italian hard-shell Nationalists. Have they experienced a change of heart under the persuasive evangelism of Mr. Wilson and General Smuts? Are the rulers of the earth genuinely converted to internationalism? Before we are entitled to give a confident answer to these questions, it is necessary to look with closest scrutiny into the structure and composition of the league, to which these powers are entrusted. Now, we must frankly admit that the result of such a scrutiny is extremely disconcerting. The league is branded at its birth by the marks, not of impartial internationalism, but of a war alliance. The speeches at its opening ceremony indicate that it is the product of the five great War Allies, and the fourteen signatures attached are exclusively those of States whose union was formed not for the good government of the world, but for the successful conduct of the war.

Now, it was quite natural that the early discussion of the great project should be carried on among these associated Powers. But it is of the most urgent and obvious importance that the project itself should not carry on into history the taint of war origin, identifying the league with the partiality of a War Alliance. But an examination of the composition and powers of the proposed league shows this war element pervading the design. Not only is the league partial in its membership, it is undemocratic in its representation and its apportionment of powers. Nor is it open to the adhesion of all civilized States willing to sign its Covenants, but only to those expressly 'invited' by the War Allies. A formal equality is accorded to the member States in the constitution of the Lower House of Delegates. But to this House no really determinant powers are apparently assigned, except the right to elect new applicants by a two thirds majority and the duty of inquiring into non-judiciable issues, if the parties choose to invite it to do so. All the really critical judgments appear to be left exclusively in the hands of the Executive Council, who appoint the permanent Secretariat, into whose hands the actual administration of the league must fall. It is this council that summons disputants and controls the processes of settling disputes, sets up a Court of International Justice, promulgates the awards and recommendations, and wields all powers for giving effect to them, including the delicate functions of employing economic and, in the last resort, military force. Though in many instances the loose drafting of the scheme speaks of action to be taken by the league, the context

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generally makes it plain that for such purposes the council is the league. The draft preserves a discreet silence on the quite vital issue of the appointment of a mandatory power. But it must be inferred that this function also falls on the council to which the definition of the powers to be exercised by a mandatory is expressly assigned.

It is, therefore, evident that the real government of the league is vested in this council. Now this body is to consist of nine members, five appointed by Great Britain, France, Italy, the United States, and Japan, the other four selected by the House of Delegates. This means that the War Allies, under the style of the Great Powers, are to be a permanent majority in the control of the league. If, in the future, Germany and Russia are permitted to enter, they enter a league made and manned by their late enemies, upon terms, not of equality with 'the big Five,' but with the smaller States entitled among them to choose four members of the council. Now this amounts to a perpetuation of the War Alliance in the constitution of the league. And in other provisions of the draft this same war motif is explicitly displayed. It stamps partiality of treatment wherever it moves. The language of the draft upon disarmament is vague. But the speech of M. Bourgeois last week makes it manifest that no equal standard of reduction is intended. 'There are special dangers for countries like France, Belgium, Serbia, and the New States in process of formation' which are to secure for them 'stronger systems of defense and possibly also stronger armament.' Equally significant is the application of the mandatory principle. Here the war brand appears again. If this principle is designed to secure aid and protection for the subject and backward peoples, why is its operation confined 'to those colonies and territories which as a consequence of the late war have ceased to be under the sovereignty of the States which previously governed them'? Why is the 'principle' not extended to the African protectorates of Belgium, France, Portugal, and Britain? Why is the 'spoils of victory' principle set to qualify the higher principle of international obligation for the government of weaker peoples? This bias is carried into more detail when the mandatory powers over 'territories such as southwest Africa and certain of the State Pacific Islands' are virtually nullified by converting these 'spoils' into 'integral portions' of the so-called 'mandatory State'—*i.e.*, South Africa, Australasia, and Japan. How France interprets the uses of the league is indicated by the statement of M. Klotz, the French Finance Minister, the first plank of whose policy is 'to demand from the enemy payment for the whole of his debt, and require guarantees for its payment, and to create a permanent section of the League of Nations *so as to carry out an Inter-Ally Entente policy*.' Thus France proposes to make the league the bailiff of France, much in the spirit in which a French journalist suggested that its first duty was to cut down the German woods and supply France with what is wanting in the supply of her timber.

It has generally been recognized that equality of economic opportunity would be the strongest safeguard for the future peace of the world. In this draft it is not even secured for the whole of the mandatory areas, much less for the general body of subject territories of the contracting powers. Freedom of transit and 'equitable,' not equal, treatment is laid down for the general commerce of members of the league. But apparently it is only for the ex-German colonies of Africa that the 'Open Door' is prescribed. Again,

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international law is specified in the preamble as one of the objects of the league. But no provision is laid down for its codification or extension. The tightness of the constitution of the league is expressed in the final article requiring the assent of the entire membership of the council and three fourths of the delegate States to all amendments. And, worse still, no kind of popular representative element, no assembly for debate or consideration, no 'voice of the people' is allowed to obtrude on the deliberations of Ministers and officials.

We strongly urge that, when this draft goes forward for revision, these inherent vices may be excised. The proposal, as it stands, is less an international league than a new Holy Alliance, drawn upon war lines, and resting on the unstable basis of a War Alliance. If it were to go through in its present shape, it would in all probability entail a permanent exclusion of Germany, Austria, and Russia, the emergence of a new balance of power in Europe, and the blasting of the hope of recivilization. We cannot believe that Mr. Wilson will accept or get his countrymen to accept the war-scarred features of this compact as embodying the spirit of peace and justice to which he has paid such lofty and disinterested homage. This is not a Society of Nations. It is a renewal of the Entente: a pact of victorious power.

The Nation

THE GREAT REVOLT AT KIEL

BY EMIL LUDWIG

Reason and violence, plan and accident have mingled most peculiarly in our great revolution. Although the outcome was predestined and unavoidable, nevertheless, mistakes in detail on the one side and unpreparedness upon the other assisted to bring about the speedy results that astonished the world.

For more than a year a spirit of mutiny had seized part of the German navy. Disturbances had been anticipated at Wilhelmshaven on the 6th and 8th of October, but they did not occur until the 28th, when a revolt broke out in the third squadron, where some of the officers delivered Pan-German harangues, demanding that their men fight to the death with England. We cannot deny with certainty that others wrote farewell letters home before the expected sally of the fleet, and thus increased the discontent of the war-weary crews. It is certain, however, that such a life and death battle was not planned. Admiral Souchon, who became head of the active fleet last autumn, had indeed drawn up a plan for such a sally to occur during the foggy days of December, but he had n't the slightest intention of making it a final death struggle; so, as a matter of actual fact, the suspicion that their leaders intended to take eighty thousand men out to certain death was not at this time justified.

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Nevertheless, the existence of such a suspicion is quite understandable when we consider what had happened before. Since several sallies of the fleet had been known beforehand to the enemy, so that the latter had been enabled to take timely measures of defense, Admiral Scheer, in May, 1918, had kept secret an extensive operation even from his ship commanders, pretending that he planned simple manœuvres, and it was not until they were at sea that the officers and crews learned that they were to hunt for the enemy. In this manner they reached Bergen, returning without results. On three occasions part of the crews prevented the fleet from going out. The firemen were mainly responsible. They opened the fire extinguishing apparatus into their boilers. On the Thüringen and the Helgoland they barricaded themselves in the forward part of the vessel. On the Markgraf some two hundred men were arrested. Everything now depended upon the tact and the influence of the officers. They took very different courses. Admiral Meurer succeeded by talking to his men. Others failed in spite of their threats. When Meurer was summoned at 6 o'clock in the morning with his flag lieutenant and went aboard the revolting Kaiserin he was received with shouts of 'We've got no more officers. We've jailed ours.' In a frank, hearty talk he persuaded the men in ten minutes to release their officers. On the other hand, Hippel, one of the squadron leaders, drew up within three hundred metres of the mutinous ships in Torpedo Boat B-97 and ordered the crew to torpedo the battleship Thüringen if it did not surrender immediately. He would have carried out this horrible purpose if a third ship had not intervened. When the crew of the Thüringen directed their guns against the torpedo boat, the officers of the Helgoland, who still had control of one of the turrets, directed their guns against the Thüringen. At the last moment the white flag prevented the destruction of the German navy by a war within its own fleet. The vessels did not go out to the attack and order was reëstablished for the time being.

Thereupon, the chief of the third squadron had the idea of going to Kiel in order to escape his mutinous subordinates. This was the first of the blunders by which the heads of the navy assisted the revolution. On October 31 the squadron entered Kiel Harbor. The Bayern, König, Kurfürst, Kronprinz, and Markgraf with the seeds of revolt on board anchored in a harbor where the atmosphere was so surcharged with danger already that anyone should have recognized it. There were three other battleships, thirty-six torpedo boats, submarines, trawlers, and merchant vessels with Flanders troops. Twenty-five thousand men were on shore leave, going about in larger numbers and on longer furloughs than usual because it was thought that if the men, most of whom live in Kiel itself, had this temporary release, those of the third squadron would become less discontented. So three hundred men from every vessel were allowed ashore. What did they find there?

Some hundreds of discontented sailors from the shipyards and the torpedo division. They got together and grumbled. Only a fraction of them visited the trade union hall. Political ideas had affected all to some extent and had become the main interest of a few. Between two hundred and three hundred sailors suddenly conceived the idea of demanding that their imprisoned comrades be liberated; for one hundred and eighty of the crew of the Markgraf were still in confinement and were being taken to a fortress. The

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authorities at Kiel knew all this, recognized the danger, but underestimated it. The moment Admiral Krafft arrived with his squadron, part of the Kiel staff tried to persuade him to leave at once. But in this case, as so often in old Prussia, a dispute as to authority arose at a critical moment. Had the governor of Kiel the right to order the chief of a squadron to leave the harbor?

Few officers in the navy had been able to win and retain the loyalty of their men throughout the four years of the war as well as Souchon, who had brought the Göben and the Breslau to Stamboul and safety by his venturesome trip from the 4th to the 10th of August, 1914. He was an energetic, good-hearted, wise, and lenient officer. But Kiel had not learned to know Souchon. He had recently refused the appointment of secretary of the navy for political reasons, and had just arrived at his new post in Kiel on October 30, an entire stranger, appointed to the position merely for reasons of seniority. He had not seen Kiel since ten years before. This was a second principal error. It is certain that Souchon after being but two days in office could have known nothing of the extent of the mutinous sentiment in Kiel, and particularly that Krafft refused to leave. He thought the matter was settled.

Saturday, November 2, the sailors found the trade-union hall closed. This time there were six hundred men in their party. About dusk they marched out of the city to Viehburg Grove, where a company of soldiers was billeted in a tavern. They held a meeting in the dark lasting from eight to nine. They were more excited and more resolute than the day before, but they were sailors held together by their trade exclusiveness. The only civilian speaker who advised delay was shouted down. They felt that their time had come, and decided to join the workers of the imperial shipyards. They were particularly influenced by the fireman, Artelt, a resolute man with a lion's voice, who as early as 1917 had been sent to Flanders for five months on account of agitation. In spite of this he had been put back in his position and given the opportunity to continue his propaganda. This was certainly the third blunder on the part of the gentlemen at Kiel.

Early Sunday morning two steamers came alongside the Markgraf, in order to take the one hundred and eighty mutineers condemned at Wilhelmshaven to their imprisonment on land. They had been separated from the rest of the crew already. Then a sailor stepped forward. He would not fight his comrades. All but thirteen weak-kneed members of the crew ranged themselves at his side. The little minority, however, led the condemned men away. The latter made no resistance. Patrols sent through the city with ball cartridges increased the agitation and anger among the men of the fleet.

Then the decisive moment came. Well-organized workingmen directed by their leader, Popp, came to an agreement with the sailors. Handbills were circulated calling for a meeting in Grove Meadow (Waldwiese). When about 4 o'clock an alarm was sounded in the city, this merely increased the sentiment in favor of the revolt that had actually begun. A procession of ten thousand men, including sailors and workers, march back to the city. First they liberate the company at Waldwiese. The officers submit. They seize weapons. Two of the rescued men are liberated, one of whom voluntarily reported again in the course of the evening. Then they march into the city and through it to the prison in Feldstrasse. They come upon a cordon of guards. There is the first and last fight. Eight men are killed. That eve-

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ning the governor at his station and the Socialist party executive at the trade union hall decided at the same moment, and without any communication with each other, to ask that a government Socialist be sent from Berlin.

On Monday, November 4, ten thousand to twenty thousand men received rifles, part of which had been secretly collected beforehand, while others came from the armories. At the same time everyone knows that the guns of the ships, where the fires have not yet gone down, are in the hands of people who would choose to destroy the railway station and the officers' quarters before they would permit outside troops to come. Sailors from the trade school appear. They prevail upon the men in the mechanical engineering school to join them. The regiment of marines goes over. Guards are disarmed. Torpedo and shipyard divisions join the uprising. Sentries refuse to shoot. By afternoon the authorities recalled all orders to offer resistance. Souchon still hopes to save the situation by negotiation. At a quarter of three he makes it known to all the naval forces in the city through handbills that he wishes to learn the reason for the revolt. The sailors are to bring their complaints to him in order to avoid bloodshed. He takes this proper and decisive step on his own responsibility without orders from Berlin. Five sailors come to the headquarters and interview their commandant, who awaits them with his staff.

'Does Your Excellency recognize our delegation?'

'Yes, indeed. What do you wish?'

Their attitude is not that of a soldiers' council. Their conversation is carried on in the usual form. The sailors speak in the third person. The governor's attitude is cordial. There is a long table. On one side sit the mutineers, on the other the staff. It is the first formal negotiation between officers and crew on equal terms in the history of Prussia. Do the men know what they want?

In a most unpolitical, naïve, confused way they express their wishes.

'The same rations for officers and men.'

'Granted.'

'We wish to hold meetings.'

'No one prevents you.'

'No naval battle.'

'It was never intended.'

'No more saluting, except on duty.'

'Accepted.'

'The Hohenzollerns, yes, the Kaiser, must abdicate.'

Souchon smiles. 'I surely can't promise you that.'

'In any case the Imperial diet must be abolished.'

'I can only transmit your wishes to Berlin in this matter.'

'The Markgraf people must be liberated.'

'Granted.'

'Are we going to be able to keep the lid on after this?' ponders the staff as the men salute and retire.

Not at all; for during the interval the two Socialist parties have held a session at their building. They have organized everything. They have written out a political programme in accordance with Wilson's Fourteen Points, in which they do not jumble up the Hohenzollerns and the rations and in which they concentrate their political demands on the single requirement, the approval of the soldiers' council for all future measures.

Meantime, they wait for news from Berlin. The Independent Socialists, who were at that time a majority in Kiel, wanted Haase. Berlin wants to arrange things moderately. It sends Haussmann, one of the secretaries, and Noske, a moderate Socialist and a representative in the Reichstag from

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Chemnitz, who is personally unknown in Kiel. When these public men arrive at the railway station in the evening and appear before the sailors, they are immediately surrounded by their party colleagues and led off to a public meeting.

The revolutionary leader, Noske, came to Kiel to calm things down rather than to agitate. Even three days later, when the movement had assumed gigantic proportions throughout the country and the care-worn specialist in propaganda was forced to convert himself into a resolute pioneer in revolution, his mission continued to be to make peace. When the man on this November evening from the top of an automobile found himself addressing a throng of ten thousand men, to whom he was a stranger and who wanted to know what they should do, it seemed to him that his first duty was to say 'Wait, maintain order.' What was behind them? They were mutineers from a German squadron and a few flotillas and strikers from a few shipyards and factories, but they represented only Kiel, a little corner on the northern edge of a still untroubled Germany. This was evident in the session that followed, when Noske in company with the workers' and soldiers' council — at that time the only one in Germany — negotiated with the government.

That afternoon the Berlin authorities had made it known to all the troops by a wireless: 'The following wishes of the deputation will be considered by the government. Liberation, investigation, cancellation of an alleged sally by the fleet.' Now in the evening systematic negotiations began. The governor felt himself strengthened by the assistance of the State secretary. The soldiers' council felt itself strengthened by the arrival of a leader of their party. Four members of the Kiel Socialist party participated in the conference. The soldiers said less than they had before. Their party leaders became their spokesmen. Of a sudden the proceedings came to resemble those of a strike settlement, where workingmen and employers negotiate their differences. A settlement of their immediate grievances was the main purpose in view with both parties as late as Monday evening, and when the conference closed at 1 o'clock A.M. Noske wired Scheidemann: 'Situation serious; send another man.' He was allotted quarters in the headquarters building.

The ships lay out in the harbor. Finally on Tuesday, Admiral Krafft decided to leave, but it was too late for two reasons. Hundreds of men had not returned from shore leave, and when the vessels approached Lübeck, Swinemünde, and Flensburg it proved impossible to prevent the men on board from communicating with those on land and the agitation was thus scattered all along the coast. Meantime, the mutineers in Kiel Harbor came alongside the war vessels that remained, in little fishing boats, and with arms in their hands demanded that the vessels raise the red flag. They quickly attained their object. None of the officers made armed resistance. Since of all the thousands who for two hundred years have been enjoying special privileges throughout all Germany as members of families loyal to the king, there have not twelve men died for the monarchical idea, we may mention with respect three officers who really tried to prevent raising the red flag upon the König. Commander Weniger, Captain Heinemann, and Lieutenant Zenker were shot because they defended the Imperial battle flag. The city commandant of Kiel, who was hated as a superior officer and feared, was shot about the same time by a couple of sailors in the hall of his resi-

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dence, as he was opening the door to throw a chair at the latter when they came to arrest him.

On Tuesday red automobiles and red flags multiplied rapidly at Kiel. Noske succeeded in having the troops that were ordered to march against the city recalled. In spite of that the sailors seized the station chief in order to force him in case of necessity to order any arriving troops to be carried on to another destination. But all this happened with a courtesy that is unusual among revolutionary soldiers and unexampled in case of hostages. He was merely requested to remain in one of the offices at the station, until the trains arrived without the troops on board.

The Kiel sailors were worried particularly by the flight of Prince Henry, whose escape from Kiel in an automobile destroyed the slight remnant of authority which his government still enjoyed. A sailor who tried to ride on the running board was shot. The suspicion of the sailors has not been confirmed, since an examination of the victim showed the shot had come from behind. A rumor was current in the city, as it was later in Berlin, that officers shot out of windows. Souchon issued an order forbidding officers to use violence: 'Only general recognition of the demands of the moment can lead to the restoration of order.'

That was his last command. To be sure they had to get over Wednesday — and that 6th of November was the hardest day of the revolution. It was the fourth since its outbreak and as yet nothing was happening in the Empire. 'Are we to be isolated? Then our heads are mighty insecure,' and indeed Noske even on Wednesday evening urged cautiously at a meeting of the delegates: 'Begin to hedge. Get an understanding with the government while it is willing. We are all alone.' Even the sailors were depressed and intimidated. They thought of their wives and children, and in spite of all Popp's encouragement they went about in a most dejected mood. The next morning things looked better. It was the 7th of November. Reports began to come in of a general uprising in Hamburg, Bremen, Stuttgart, and Munich.

Noske now went to the governor's office and stated that the Imperial Chancery had directed him by telephone to take over the government of the city. He then went to a new mass meeting held in the open air, had himself proclaimed governor of Kiel and returned to headquarters. He reported: 'I have just been chosen governor by the masses. I courteously request the gentlemen of the staff to continue to perform their duties under my direction in the interests of eighty thousand people.'

He was a journalist from Chemnitz. He had been born in the Marches. He was a great, bony, loose-jointed man in a woolen shirt with a soft collar and with a slouch hat in his hand. He was face to face with a naval officer, a little bright-eyed, high strung admiral, who had grown gray in the service and received the decoration *Pour le Merite*. The former was an entire stranger to naval matters, knowing nothing of the world upon the water, with which the other man, honored by his subordinates yet new in this position, was thoroughly familiar.

There was a short pause. German history stood in the balance.

Then the admiral replied: 'Yes, I'll make place for you, but I will also use my influence to have the gentlemen continue their services.' He selected a few papers from his desk, took his leave and departed. His staff followed him. The editor from Chemnitz remained alone. Two minutes later a

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flood of absolutely unfamiliar business poured upon him. He had to decide how much oil the U-boats must have, what furloughs were to be granted, what munitions were to be distributed to-morrow morning for the 10.5 guns.

After two hours he issued his first orders of the day. There were eight points upon public safety, health, and furloughs. All followed the precedents established with some few modifications, which seemed extremely revolutionary. These were: 'The same food is to be served to all ranks of the service' and 'Address in the third person shall cease.'

Was there ever a case where the first order issued in a revolution followed so courteously the last order of the old régime? Naturally it was endorsed: 'Approved; the Superior Soldiers' Council.'

A proclamation to Schleswig-Holstein appealed for the erection of other workers' and soldiers' councils. But it was a most remarkable fact that both parties still referred to each other so respectfully. The leaders of the revolution and the sailors at Kiel praised the ability and the tact of the governors they had deposed. The latter continued to be called into counsel and to praise the order and the moderation of their usurping successors. The staff continued its labors. Many officers stayed at their posts. Only a few are forced to leave. The men express their approval of the great majority.

It was not until the Berlin revolution legalized the revolution in Kiel, and until the fear of isolation disappeared, and the Kaiser abdicated, and twenty-two princes followed his example within five days, that Kiel began to put on the airs of an originator, and a revolution that started no differently from the one of the year before appeared now as a model and a prologue, although at the time none of the participants had any conception of its vast results.

Neither were there actually such vast results. What was started by the sailors and continued by the organized Socialists — the seed that had been sown among the sailors by the Independents — all these things became portentous in history only because the ideas and feelings which they represented were widely entertained in other places and by other people. If the leaders at Kiel almost despaired on Wednesday because they thought they stood alone, they need not have been so concerned; for the passiveness of their former commanders and rulers showed sufficiently that their political instinct whispered, 'All is lost.'

The Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung

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BOLSHEVIK INVASION OF BALTIC GERMANY

BY AUGUST WINNIG

When, early on the 3d of January, the last patrols, surrounded by plundering mobs, forced a path for themselves toward Riga to the Düna Bridge, a curtain descended between us and the old Hansa city. The civilized world will not know until later what is occurring now, and even then will learn but fragments of the truth. The bloody battles of the German rear guards with plundering mobs gathered in front of the provision warehouses, and the conflagrations that illumined the heavens during the winter night, left us a shuddering impression of what the fate of the ancient city must have been.

It is hardly worth while to tarry over the evacuation of a city at the end of a period which has witnessed so much brutality. But the fall of Riga is more than a bloody incident. It is a sign of warning, and the flames that rose from its destruction may cast a ray of enlightenment into the hearts of distant beholders.

From the middle of November the pressure of the Soviet troops upon the German border guards along the eastern boundary of the Baltic Provinces began to increase. Inasmuch as the withdrawal of the 8th German army was already under way, and the weary old Landsturn troops were eager to get home, it was neither possible nor advisable to attempt serious resistance. Our troops withdrew slowly, and as soon as they had relinquished a district, a band of Soviet troops occupied it. As this went on, we lost large quantities of military supplies, and gradually the advance of the Soviet troops acquired such momentum as to endanger our retreat. The Russians forced their way from the vicinity of Pskof through Werro to Walk. All detachments of the 8th army north of that point saw their line of retreat threatened. Consequently, soldiers' councils began to negotiate with the Soviet troops. At their request I took over the negotiations and sent two commissions to particularly threatening points. We got into touch with the enemy and reached an agreement with them. The Soviet troops were not to make further attacks, but were to follow our withdrawing forces at such a distance as to leave constantly between the two armies a neutral zone of ten kilometres. The Russian officers never tired of expressing their loyalty and good-will. The Germans must not think that they had any hostile intentions. They would send on the military property that fell into their possession, with their own baggage trains. They would take care of our sick and wounded, and when they were better would send them home. The German authorities in Riga need feel no concern. They could wind up their affairs at their convenience under the protection of the Russians. To be sure, all these arrangements had to be approved by the Central Soviet government. But inasmuch as the Chicherin was at this time sending one conciliatory telegram after another to Germany, we had no reason to doubt the sincerity of these promises. In order to clinch our bargain, the Soviet government even

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proposed to evacuate for the time being the town of Werro, which they had recently occupied. Our soldiers in northern Livonia breathed a sigh of relief. They felt that a systematic, undisturbed withdrawal was assured. The confidence which we gave to the promises of the Bolsheviki was miserably misplaced. Our soldiers unfortunately allowed themselves to be taken in by the Soviet people. The result was that at several all-important points as, for example, the strategically indispensable railway junction of Walk, they suddenly found themselves surrounded and had to make a hasty retreat. We kept losing large quantities of military property, not only arms and equipment, but also provisions and raw materials. The Bolsheviki became bolder and began to make demands, here and there, that our troops lay down their arms. Some of our troops complied. Those that did not had to fight, but they gave a good account of themselves against the Bolsheviki. With the loss of Walk our military units north of that point were cut off from railway communication with Riga. The remainder of the 60th corps, which was at Dorpat, had to make its way to Riga in bitterly cold weather on foot. This march is a relieving feature of the generally sad picture presented by the German evacuation of the Baltic provinces. Repeatedly attacked, these three thousand, five hundred men cut their way through with the loss of a single life. That soldier was one of seven who were captured, and he committed suicide with a hand-grenade, out of despair. The others were released, since our troops promptly seized eight local Bolsheviki at their next stopping point and presented to the Soviet people the Old Testament choice of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

The general sentiment among our soldiers did not permit serious resistance. The prostrating effect of our great defeat left them no other idea than to get home, to seek safety. The attempt to form a rear-guard—an iron division — failed. Consequently, the Soviet troops were able to advance, practically without a check. They concentrated on Riga from two directions. From the north they advanced along the railway from Dorpat to Riga, and from the east, where they were concentrated along the right bank of the Düna, they operated along that river, sending smaller detachments to the other side to demonstrate against Mitau. Our information service estimated their strength at about one thousand, five hundred men. They were excellently equipped and under strict discipline.

The old soldiers' councils have been abolished in the Soviet army. In their place, government commissioners accompany each detachment and exercise discretionary authority. To oppose their advance we never had more than one thousand men prepared for actual fighting, or more than eight field guns. By December 22 the Bolsheviki appeared before Segewold, which is forty-five kilometres from Riga. The Bolsheviki in Riga itself prophesied that their Russian friends would enter the city on Christmas day. But the resistance offered by the diminutive Iron Battalion and the young Baltic Germans prevented this. Trusting to the speedy arrival of the Bolsheviki troops, two Lettist companies of the Baltic home guards revolted and declared themselves in favor of the Soviet.

The situation was critical. The enemy was within a day's march of the town. Within its confines were thirty thousand of their partisans, and among the latter were two mutinous, well-armed companies. The British had kept three vessels in the harbor for nearly a week. As a last resort they

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reconciled themselves to entering into communication with us. Having become convinced of the seriousness of the situation, they called upon us, not only to defend Riga, but also a considerable district in its vicinity. We stated that this was no longer to be thought of. The armistice conditions had completely demoralized our war-weary soldiers. They would no longer respond to our appeals. At the request of the provisional Livonian government, and with our consent, the British had marched some eighty men from their cruisers through the city on December 24. Feeling the compulsion of circumstances, they now took resolute measures against the mutinous Lett companies, which only a few days previously had been reviewed by British officers. They started to bombard the barracks occupied by the Letts, who promptly surrendered.

Germany's interest in the city consisted in several thousand soldiers, who were awaiting transportation home, and about four thousand citizens of Germany, and possibly an equal number of Baltic Germans. In addition, we had accumulated there very large quantities of provisions and other army property. If we could delay matters two weeks, or even ten days, we could get these people and this property to a place of security. A last attempt was made. On the 28th of December an officer from my office and two members of the central soldiers' council of the 8th army, together with an interpreter, proceeded to the front. They were commissioned to negotiate with the commander-in-chief of the Bolshevik army for a truce until January 10. By that time we believed we could get all the people and the property in our charge to safety. The commission did not return. I tried to follow them, but lost trace of them. On January 8 I received a telegram stating that three members of the commission, Lieutenant Becker, Reichert, who belonged to the soldiers' council, and their chauffeur, Steffenhagen, had been shot by the Russians. The latter seized the automobile and the money which the commission took with it. The other two members escaped. We shall have to wait for their report before forming a final judgment.

Meantime, the fate of the city was being settled with uncanny speed. The rear-guard was outflanked. On New Year's morning our troops evacuated their last defensive position, leaving only weak patrols in the immediate vicinity of the city. The Bolsheviki suspected a trap and did not follow immediately. Their sympathizers in the city, with whom they were in constant communication, properly informed them that the Germans were evacuating the town. On the morning of January 3 their advance-guard, consisting of cavalry and armed automobiles, entered the city.

All the day before, the eagerness of the mob to pillage broke through all restraint. It may seem strange, but it is an actual fact that, several days before the Bolsheviki entered the city, crowds of shady characters appeared in public with bags and baskets, to be ready when the plundering began. It was in full swing at the time the last German troops left the town.

What has happened since? We have only random and unverified rumors. A great number of German citizens and of Baltic Germans have been arrested. The supporters of the Lett government have been placed in confinement. Every person who coöperated or served in any way with the former government of Germany has either been killed or imprisoned. Reports pour in of executions. The extra-territorial privileges of the German Embassy have been violated. The

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small staff that remained behind has been imprisoned and the money and records of the Embassy have been seized. This is the way the Bolsheviki have treated the representatives of the German Social Democratic government. We still lack details. Those who know how the Bolsheviki conducted themselves in Pskof will be quite ready to anticipate even worse reports. I do not wish to repeat the tales of horror recounted by refugees; we have learned how unreliable such reports from alleged eye-witnesses are. But it is a substantiated fact that in the town of Pskof alone — a place of thirty thousand inhabitants in times of peace — four hundred and sixteen people were publicly executed during a single week. The number of persons killed privately has not yet been ascertained. The Bolshevik military leaders profess the intention of advancing to the German border, in order to get into direct touch 'with their German brothers.'

I have only stated facts. Anyone may draw his own conclusions. The Bolsheviki are not a belligerent government under the rules of international law. They absolutely refuse to recognize international usages and rules, and their method of conducting war excludes them from the circle of civilized nations. Bolshevism in practice is not a political system. It is politically organized crime. To protect ourselves from it is as much a matter of self-preservation and duty as to protect ourselves against robbers, incendiaries, and murderers. Bolshevism has ruined Russia. It is now engaged in converting the Baltic Provinces into a desolate waste. It will ruin Germany if it has the power. The first and most urgent duty before the German people is to protect themselves from this impending peril.

Die Glöcke

A FABLE FOR PEACE-MAKERS

BY SIR RONALD ROSS

(*Extract from a letter to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle*)

When, roused at last, long-pondering Jove
The Heav'n-disdaining Germans drove
Before the banded Sons of Light
Led by the Phantom, Freedom hight;
All Creatures that make endless War
In Dale and Forest, Scarp and Scaur,
Or in the Cloud-Bedangled Air,
Resolv'd in High Confederacy
Eternal Peace and Amity
In Freedom's bonds to serve and swear —
Just as we Men do everywhere.

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The Lion lay down with the Lamb;
The Tiger bow'd before her Dam;
The Vulture to the Stockdove sigh'd
That he would be her friend and guide;
The Wolf declared that for his part
There was no evil in his heart;
The Fox expounded to the Geese
How he had labor'd for the Peace;
And on the throng'd Gangetic Isles,
A myriad artless Crocodiles,
Emerging, yawn'd reptilian Smiles.

When he beheld th' Enthusiasm,
Jove flung his Thunders in the Chasm
Of that Eternal Fire that burns
Before his Feet — whose Smoke upturns
And mingles with the Wraiths of Snow
That wind-blown o'er Olympus go
Forever — that eternal Fire
Where all the shrieking Pasts expire,
Mountains and Suns and Oceans — aye,
Beauty and Love and Friendship die.
So in that Fire of Fate he hurl'd
His Thunderbolts, and cried, 'The World,
In this Millennium built anew,
Has now no more a need for you.'
He laugh'd, and all th' enfranchised Earth
Humm'd forth a chorus to his mirth;
And high th' exultant Flame outshone
From Pindus unto Pelion.
Only his Eagle at his right hand
Deign'd not t' obey the God's command,
But let his eye range like the Sun
Through Thunderclouds when day is done.

But now, alas, a sense of Dearth
O'erspread the happy realms of Earth.
The Lion said, "T is curious quite
How Virtue whets my Appetite.'
The Leopard to his friend the Fawn
Observed he'd fasted since the dawn.
The Heron to the Fish averr'd
He was a good, but hungry bird.
The Hawk asserted to the Pigeon,
His consolation was Religion.
To these the Ox, to keep them quiet,
Prescribed a Vegetarian Diet;
The Monkey to the Fox suggested,
Sour Grapes were easily digested;

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And his sagacious friend, the Ass,
Advised the Lion to eat Grass.
At which the Pelican scratch'd his pate,
Maintain'd such jests were out of date,
And said that Wit could never be
Allow'd in a Democracy.
So then the tumult 'gan to grow —
Each would or would not have it so.
The Bear avow'd it was not fair
For Birds to bound about in Air;
And let the Fishes leave the Sea,
If they desired Equality.
To which the Falcon made reply,
''T were better sure for you to fly!'
'Or learn to swim,' the Porpoise puff'd.
At this the Birds and Fishes laugh'd,
The Beasts grew angry. Then the Ant
With scorn address'd the Elephant:
'Though not more virtuous, active, wise,
You are a Profligate in Size!'
At which upsprang th' outrageous Boar
And grunted, 'Good as all, and more,
I challenge everyone to War!'
So, then, they fought it out pell-mell,
Just as before the League befell.

And laughing Jove reach'd forth an arm
And took new, living Lightnings, warm
And limber, from the fuming Urn
Wherein the Destinies are born;
And said, 'One thing is worse than War:
The Worm that works beneath to mar
The deep Design of Things that Are.'
And from the empyrean Air
He smote the creatures crawling there —
License and her Ape-Father'd Brood,
The Cruel, Crafty, Craven, Lewd,
And Liars in their multitude,
Who tell men Duty is no more,
And Self's the God they should adore.

The Morning Post

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HENRY ADAMS: A BRITISH ESTIMATE

In Mount Vernon Street, in the third house below Mount Vernon Place, Boston, a child was born on February 16, 1838. That child was Henry Adams. When the fairies came to visit the cradle, Pleasure, Wealth, and Fame all passed the infant by. But one fairy remained behind to bless. It was not, however, Macaulay's 'glorious lady with the eyes of light' — the spirit who brought to him 'the sense of Beauty and the thirst of Truth.' It was a guide and a guardian much more conscious, much more complex, and much more elusive. She who laid her hand on the head of Henry Adams was the Fairy Ironia, the spirit who sees too far and yet not far enough, who feels deeply the sense of tears in mortal things, but sees also that kindly, that divine humor in the universe which so often reconciles man to his destiny while it appears to mock him. It was the true Ironia of Socrates, of Greek Tragedy, and also of those later thinkers to whose inspiring genius the name of Romantic Irony has been given.

He, then, who would understand Adams must banish from his thought all idea of the pseudo-irony of later times. He must forego that degraded sense of the word which makes Ironia a smirking and satirical jade, with a hard, cruel laugh, instead of the gentle smile of pity and humor, which teaches but does not deride, which redeems the human heart from its most profound discouragements, which may bring a remedy even to those to whom has come the dreadful revelation that things done can never be undone, that not even the gods upon the past have power, and that acts and their consequences are for all time inseparable.

It was the faculty of Irony that inspired and ruled the life of Henry Adams, perhaps more than of any man of whom we have a conscious record. Though in this singular book (written originally for his private friends in the year 1907, and now given to the world with an Introduction by Senator Lodge) the word 'irony,' as far as we can discover, never occurs, the whole book is shot through and through in every line and every word with that strange quality.

Irony may no doubt in one sense have unmanned and undone Henry Adams, but also in just as strong a sense it saved and made him. But for the ironic sense which caused him to regard his whole life as a long endeavor of the unteachable to be taught, and made him call his autobiography *The Education of Henry Adams*, we feel that with him the wells of existence would have been broken up. Being the man he was, he could not have lived without the sustaining sense of the true Irony. It was his consolation even as it was his cross. So strongly does the present writer feel this, that if he were asked to write an inscription for the tomb of Henry Adams he would model it on the greatest of fanciful epitaphs — the epitaph which in the Cathedral Chapel of Christ Church, Oxford, preserves the memory of John Burton, the Anatomist of Melancholy. For Henry Adams the words would run:

> Paucis notus,
> Paucioribus ignotus
> Cui vitam dedit
> Et mortem Ironia.

As surely as Melancholy bestowed life as well as death upon Burton, Irony bestowed the joint gift upon Henry

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Adams. And Henry Adams was, like Burton, essentially the man known to few, and yet to fewer unknown. All the more strongly because only half consciously, all the better minds in America felt that in Henry Adams a great, if a strange and wayward, intellectual force was at work. Henry Adams wrote only one book of importance, his history of Jefferson's administration, but all those who know how difficult it is to write history in true focus, and to prevent the vision becoming distorted in dealing with a piece of history treated minutely and in great detail, will realize that that work is by no means among the least worthy of those gifts with which the Muse Clio has endowed the modern world. Whether it was accident or some conscious effort that made Henry Adams choose this particular period we do not know, but at any rate it was one which would naturally appeal to a man with a sense of the irony of human events. As Adams himself points out, how could political Irony go further than to place Jefferson, the intellectual Sansculotte, in such a position that he had to declare war upon the French Republic, and make it the very first duty of the man who went to Washington as President in the spirit of the bare-footed friar of Jacobinical democracy to arrange a table of precedence for the politicians and officials of the Capital of the Union!

He who turns from this review to the book itself may very likely at first be amazed that we have found so much that is strange, wayward, nay, unnatural, in a book which appears to begin like an ordinary autobiography. Yet, if he takes the trouble to go through with the work, he will, we believe, find justification for our interpretation on almost every page. It is wonderfully impressive thus to learn, though never from his own words, that Adams found the world in which he lived an almost unintelligible riddle, yet a riddle which he felt under bond to assail — which he dared not neglect. The pathos of the situation would have been unbearable but for that irony of which we have spoken — the faculty which gives us the remedy for our dread inheritance of pity and terror. Perhaps one of the best ways in which we can illustrate what we mean is by quoting the passage which describes how Henry Adams, who had been for some five years his father's Private Secretary in the American Legation in London, returned to America in the year 1868:

> At ten o'clock of a July night, in heat that made the tropical rain-shower simmer, the Adams family and the Motley family clambered down the side of their Cunard steamer into the government tugboat, which set them ashore in black darkness at the end of some North River pier. Had they been Tyrian traders of the year B.C. 1000, landing from a galley fresh from Gibraltar, they could hardly have been stranger on the shore of a world, so changed from what it had been ten years before. The historian of the Dutch, no longer historian but diplomatist, started up an unknown street, in company with the private secretary who had become private citizen, in search of a carriage to convey the two parties to the Brevoort House. The pursuit was arduous, but successful. Towards midnight they found shelter once more in their native land. How much its character had changed or was changing, they could not wholly know, and they could but partly feel. For that matter, the land itself knew no more than they. Society in America was always trying, almost as blindly as an earthworm, to realize and understand itself; to catch up with its own head, and to twist about in search of its tail. Society offered the profile of a long, straggling caravan, stretching loosely towards the prairies, its few score of leaders far in advance and its millions of immigrants, negroes, and Indians far in the rear, somewhere in archaic time. It enjoyed the vast advantage over Europe that all seemed, for the moment, to move in one direction, while Europe wasted most of its energy in trying several

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contradictory movements at once; but whenever Europe or Asia should be polarized or oriented towards the same point, America might easily lose her lead. Meanwhile each newcomer needed to slip into a place as near the head of the caravan as possible, and needed most to know where the leaders could be found. One could divine pretty nearly where the force lay, since the last ten years had given to the great mechanical energies — coal, iron, steam — a distinct superiority in power over the old industrial elements — agriculture, handwork, and learning; but the result of this revolution on a survivor from the fifties resembled the action of the earthworm; he twisted about, in vain, to recover his starting-point; he could no longer see his own trail; he had become an estray; a flotsam or jetsam of wreckage; a belated reveler, or a scholar-gypsy like Matthew Arnold's. His world was dead. Not a Polish Jew fresh from Warsaw or Cracow — not a furtive Yacoob or Ysaac still reeking of the Ghetto, snarling a weird Yiddish to the officers of the Customs — but had a keener instinct, an intenser energy, and a freer hand than he — American of Americans, with Heaven knew how many Puritans and Patriots behind him, and an education that had cost a civil war. He made no complaint and found no fault with his time; he was no worse off than the Indians or the buffalo who had been ejected from their heritage by his own people; but he vehemently insisted that he was not himself at fault. The defeat was not due to him, nor yet to any superiority of his rivals. He had been unfairly forced out of the track, and must get back into it as best he could.

But perhaps the strangest thing in this strange book is that these passages are intermingled with a great deal of very interesting positive history, especially as concerns the relations between the United States and the United Kingdom during the Civil War. If Adams is not always quite fair to the British government, he certainly always meant to be fair, and he knew how to discriminate. Incidentally, we get most memorable pictures of Lord John Russell, Palmerston, and Gladstone. The touches in regard to Palmerston, indeed, can never be neglected by any future English historian who wants to paint in full the strange picture of the whiskered Cupid of the Middle Victorian age. Henry Adams does what very few people have ever done. He dares to tell the whole unfortunate story of Gladstone's southern proclivities without hiding anything or setting down aught in kindliness rather than truth. After declaring sardonically that Gladstone was 'the only resolute, vehement, conscientious champion of Russell, Napoleon, and Jefferson Davis,' Adams thus paints the three British statesmen:

> Young Adams thought Earl Russell a statesman of the old school, clear about his objects and unscrupulous in his methods — dishonest but strong. Russell ardently asserted that he had no objects, and that though he might be weak he was above all else honest. Minister Adams leaned to Russell personally and thought him true, but officially, in practice, treated him as false. *Punch*, before 1862, commonly drew Russell as a schoolboy telling lies, and afterwards as prematurely senile, at seventy. Education stopped there. No one, either in or out of England, ever offered a rational explanation of Earl Russell. Palmerston was simple — so simple as to mislead the student altogether — but scarcely more consistent. The world thought him positive, decided, reckless; the record proved him to be cautious, careful, vacillating. Minister Adams took him for pugnacious and quarrelsome; the 'Lives' of Russell, Gladstone, and Granville show him to have been good-tempered, conciliatory, avoiding quarrels. He surprised the Minister by refusing to pursue his attack on General Butler. He tried to check Russell. He scolded Gladstone. He discouraged Napoleon. Except Disraeli none of the English statesmen were so cautious as he in talking of America. Palmerston told no falsehoods; made no professions; concealed no opinions; was detected in no double-dealing. The most mortifying failure in Henry Adams's long education was that, after forty years of confirmed dislike, distrust, and detraction of Lord Palmerston, he was obliged at last to admit himself in error, and to consent in spirit — for by that time he was nearly as dead as any of them — to beg his pardon. Gladstone was quite another story, but with him a student's difficulties were less because they were shared by all the world,

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including Gladstone himself. He was the sum of contradictions. The highest education could reach, in this analysis, only a reduction to the absurd, but no absurdity that a young man could reach in 1862 would have approached the level that Mr. Gladstone admitted, proclaimed, in his confessions of 1896, which brought all reason and all hope of education to a stillstand.

We have put up a finger-post to this most haunting, attractive, and stimulating book. And, strange to say, it is stimulating although the whole effort of the writer seems to be to drag the reader down with him into spiritual depths no plummet has ever sounded. We can only say, in leaving Henry Adams's *Animi Figura*, that if our review is inadequate, which we frankly admit it is, it is because no review not as long as the book itself could be adequate. It is a book which can only tell its own tale. There are some things in regard to which interpretation is impossible. At least we are in good company. Senator Lodge, who understood Adams better than any of his contemporaries, in his Editorial Preface, when he attempts to make us understand the book by quoting a passage from Henry Adams's *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*, only darkens the gloom. All we can do is to leave our readers to the pleasure or pain, for there will be both, of studying *The Education of Henry Adams* for themselves, and we hope it will not be long before Messrs. Houghton Mifflin will have sent a competent stock of copies to England. At present we believe that the book is not obtainable in this country.

One word more. It is a source of pride to the *Spectator* that perhaps Henry Adams's last published utterance was a letter from him to Lord Newton which we were allowed to print (October 21, 1914) in our columns. It was a letter of generous sympathy with the Allies and of warm feeling towards England. In truth Adams loved our people and our island, though it was part of the universal irony that he should so often have to conceal his affection under the guise of strongly hostile criticism. But hostile as his criticism sounds, it can never deceive those who have followed the secret of Henry Adams's life, or say, rather, of his education — the education so earnestly sought for but never found. Though the best of good Americans, his was essentially *Anima naturaliter Anglicana*.

The Spectator

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OLD AND NEW AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE

BY T. H. S. ESCOTT

FOREMOST among President Wilson's Fourteen Points, the prelude to the international incidents, since watched with world-wide interest from day to day, comes the simple announcement, 'No secret diplomacy.' That to old Foreign Office hands would have seemed a curt message that their occupation was gone; it has indeed been progressively discredited since its failure to prevent Turkey from joining the war on the German side. Subsequent occurrences have thrown some doubt on the wisdom of withholding passports from the Labor Party for the Socialist Congress at Stockholm. Here, again, our diplomacy showed a shortsightedness and lack of resource that have so often been the cause of complications and failures, perfectly avoidable with a little more imagination, tempered by practical shrewdness. The conversations between Socialist delegates of every nation would have committed no European government, and might have served a most useful purpose in enlightening German opinion as to the amount of outside popular support to be looked for by the German government when contemplating the manipulation of Socialist ideas to Imperial ends. This might at least have proved a step in the direction of peace.

What actually happened? The Bolsheviki promptly prepared to resent the refusal of passports by a course of conduct aggravating and multiplying tenfold the difficulties of the position. Meanwhile, changes or rumors of change in our diplomatic personnel brought the prevailing uncertainty and confusion to the verge of chaos. The best of all envoys to Washington is a lawyer. Lord Reading, having crossed the Atlantic, was not likely to wear out his welcome, and need not have been recalled. The bestowal of two great prizes, Paris and Petrograd, in our international service had still to be awarded. Had the late Sir Henry Austin Lee replaced Sir George Buchanan in the once capital of the Tsar, he would have brought to his position a knowledge of the Russian language unique among the members of his profession. As our representative in the Rue Faubourg-Saint-Honoré he would have seemed to social, political, and popular Paris at last the right man in the right place. During an entire generation he had been greeted by every class and every interest, not merely as the great official of a popular rally, but as a typical specimen of the English resident with a happy gift of being all things to all men.

As British representative on the Suez Canal Board, on the Seine, on the Thames (1875), as secretary of the Channel Tunnel Commission, he found himself among familiar faces in each capacity. Allied with Sir John Pilter, *doyen* of the British colony, he combined diplomacy with business in the management of Anglo-French institutions like the British Charitable Fund, the British schools, and the Hertford Hospital. His acquaintance with French life and character began with his Red Cross work under Lord Wantage before he entered the Foreign

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Office in 1870. During his twenty years at Whitehall he was in the thick of the struggle between old interests and new ideas at the Foreign Office.

The Civil Service Commissioners, created in 1855, began applying their entrance test to Foreign Office nominees two years later. Their earliest selection for the Department was Victor Buckley (January 12, 1857); among the most brilliant of those that followed was (1870) Henry Austin Lee, who owed his nomination to the gratitude of the Milbank family for unique obligations under which they had been placed by his tact and kindness. Born in the Channel Islands, a Ceylon civilian's son, he went from Elizabeth College, Guernsey, to the Oxford foundation, where (1584–1599) John Pym was a gentleman commoner, and of which its most distinguished eighteenth-century member, Dr. Johnson, said: 'We were a nest of singing birds,' because in addition to himself the pastoral balladist, Shenstone, and the then occupant of the Oxford chair of poetry, Hawkins, were on its books. Pembroke, as the College has been known since 1624, recently paid Sir Henry Lee an honor for which Johnson vainly hoped, by electing him to an honorary fellowship. In 1870, when his Whitehall work began, Foreign Office clerks were still popularly bracketed with guardsmen as the mere ornaments or detrimentals of Belgravia or Park Lane. Henry Austin Lee had no sooner put on harness than he got into a regular stride of sustained and fruitful industry. He brought to his work qualifications more unusual than a brilliant examination by the Civil Service Commissioners. His earliest masters, Lords Clarendon and Granville, were surprised to find a young man of little more than five-and-twenty possessing not only an insight into departmental business, but a practical acquaintance with the weak points of our international service. The explanation was in reality simple. The interval between the taking of the Oxford degree and the candidate's submission of himself to the official 'posers' had been passed, as we have seen, among those who ministered to the sick and wounded during the Franco-Prussian war. To Lee fell the task of looking after the food supplies. The process brought him into touch with our Consuls, whose importance to the Empire he at once saw had been dangerously underrated. Many years afterwards his views were strikingly confirmed by the fact that the peaceful settlement of the Niger question was due much less to our diplomacy than to the help in these matters then given to the Foreign Office by the Board of Trade, and especially to Mr. Chamberlain, at that time still supreme. An important stage in Austin Lee's official evolution came when, as Sir Charles Dilke's private secretary, he accompanied his chief to Paris on commerical treaty business. This also served as the beginning of something like intimacy with Gambetta and the French political leaders of the time. It also gave him the opportunity of showing the loss arising to English trade abroad from the fact that the British Consular Service lacked the expert knowledge of commercial methods and materials so abundantly forthcoming in the Consuls of other European nations, as well as of China and Japan. Whitehall gradually came round to Lee's view that our Consuls ought, above all things, to be business-like, if not actually commercial men. Under-Secretaries of State, interrogated in Parliament on trade subjects, gradually gave up the farce of promising inquiry into the matter and of passing it on to a clerk who did nothing and forgot all about it. And now, after all these years, Lee's suggestions are

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to have a practical result. The Commercial Section of the Foreign Office, together with the Consular Service, is to be organically connected with the Board of Trade under the new State official, for whose appointment he had always contended. The Foreign Office first received its present internal arrangements from Sir J. B. Burges in 1796. The interchange of men between Whitehall and diplomacy, as well as the systematic promotion from the Consular to the Diplomatic Service, both came between 1880 and 1885. Of the latter there was no more successful or famous instance than Sir William White's appointment to our Embassy at the Porte. Not only in all racial and political questions of the Near East was his knowledge absolutely unrivaled: he showed, when at Constantinople, qualities which made him our one really great Ambassador since Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. With equal success have other departments or professions been tapped for the Foreign Office, which, though still sometimes haunted by adventurers and copper captains, has been periodically renovated by new blood. Sir Julian Pauncefote from the Colonial Office, where he had been uniformly successful, became Foreign Under-Secretary first: then, in 1885, delegate at the Paris Suez Canal Conference; and finally, 1889, our Ambassador at Washington.

Another instance of the same sort is Sir Ernest Satow. Beginning as a barrister at Lincoln's Inn, he entered the Japan Consular Service as student interpreter in 1861; four years later he became Japanese Secretary to the British Legation. Soon after leaving Tokio (1895) he was called to be British Minister at Peking. The aftermath of his patriotic career showed itself in the fruits of his literary retirement in Devonshire. None of these improvements in our international machinery originated at its headquarters, where, indeed, their very idea had always been as much undervalued as those suggestions of Sir Henry Lee himself, now at last put into operation. Whitehall, too, till the Houghton and Grant-Duff pressure of 1881, was dead against interchanging its men with diplomacy. The good result has been that the men abroad no longer lose touch with home feeling or drift into ornamental idleness; while the Whitehall men are kept from crystallizing into bureaucrats, with an horizon limited by the desk at which they write. Of all Foreign Office novelties the most conspicuously successful had been encouraged by United States precedent. From the earliest Minister from across the Atlantic to the Court of St. James's (John Adams, 1785), to the most distinguished of his Victorian successors (J. L. Motley, 1869), the Republic had sent us men chosen not for their experience and skill, but their commanding intellectual power and position. In 1907 England returned the compliment by presenting Washington with one of her most accomplished classical scholars and most philosophic lawyers as envoy. Lord Bryce's *Gaisford*, won during 1861 by the 'May Queen,' rendered in Theocritean hexameters, fascinated Harvard and Yale at the time and even prepossessed American culture in his favor, much as an Oxford first-class man, on beginning at the Bar, finds additional favor with solicitors if he has crowned achievements in the schools by winning his Blue. In his House of Commons days as Foreign Under-Secretary, Lord Bryce had found Sir Henry Lee's secretarial services of such value that they were, as he pleasantly put it, in themselves a little diplomatic education.

Incidents like these may be recalled in any memoirs Lee may have left behind, together with the Moulin Rouge

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breakfast in Paris, at which, on October 30, 1881, the then Prince of Wales (King Edward VII) according to the arrangement, made at the royal wish by Sir Charles Dilke, met Gambetta, Mr. Lee himself being one of the party. Many good things were said by those present, and none better than a neat little *mot* apropos of the French capital as the world's pleasure ground, which particularly delighted both the British Prince and the French statesman—'The Lutetia of the ancients has become the Lætitia of the moderns.'

Sir Henry Lee's diplomatic time had been almost entirely passed in Paris. For that his London experiences had been largely in the nature of a preparation. After Lord Clarendon's death (July, 1870), the second Earl Granville had become his chief in Whitehall, and, from his habit of taking his papers to work at them at home had seen much of Lee in Carlton House Terrace. Here the most gracefully genial and kindly of Foreign Secretaries lightened the young man's labors by reminiscences of his father's Paris Embassy and the consummate skill with which he seconded Lord Palmerston's labors at home in securing Belgian independence. Among those whom the first Earl Granville found most serviceable was Sir Robert Adair, the British representative at Brussels, son of George III's Court surgeon, the subject of the only pun known to have been made by the younger Pitt. 'Does your Adair,' someone had asked the Minister, 'belong to one of your great families?' 'His father,' came the answer, 'was certainly *un grand saigneur* (*seigneur*).' Foreign Secretary Lord Granville, with his infinitely varied cosmopolitan experience, his wealth of family and party traditions, and his incomparable skill in phrasing, supplied Mr. Lee during his service under him with the most instructive and delightful of personal links with eighteenth-century society and politics. The third Marquis of Salisbury's colleague, in bringing home peace with honor from the German capital, refreshed himself while there by occasionally conversing, quite in the vein of one of his own novels, with Lee, who had been told off for his suite. The great man had kept Mr. Lee for some time after dinner. At last, noticing the hour, he said, 'And now, my dear boy, I must detain you no longer; you will wish to be off to scenes of adventure and love.'

Old and new at the Foreign Office were both watched by Sir Henry Lee jostling each other in the person of his chiefs. During the period of his succession to Lord Granville, Lord Rosebery suggested to the junior staff of our chanceries abroad that they might employ their spare time in keeping Whitehall *au courant* with the social doings and popular sentiment of the capitals they knew best. The experiment proved less successful than it ought to have been, and everyone was relieved at its discontinuance. With more attachés like Sir Henry Lee in his wide and searching general outlook, the Rosebery project might have provided a new, interesting, and rarely useful occupation for pens of promise in the service. Given a sufficient literary aptitude, the opportunities falling to the lot of an observant junior for purposes of epistolary treatment are endless, as in due course may be shown by any reminiscences that the retiring councilor and commercial attaché of our Paris Embassy may have committed to paper.

What would strike Sir Henry Lee's readers as exceptional is, not so much the general scope and personal details of his experiences, as the intellectual facility displayed in turning them to account, and investing them with a significance and value beyond the art

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of the autobiographer, so often a mere society journalist in book form.

Marryat's nautical stories sent innumerable nineteenth-century boys into the navy. Charles Lever and James Grant, who wrote the long-since-forgotten *Romance of War*, had the effect of a recruiting sergeant for the sister service upon the hosts of home-bred youths, destined from infancy for the Church. The evolution of Sir Austin Lee's career may well have a kindred effect on lads with some of the writer's qualifications: enterprising, courageous, resourceful, as well as instinctively turning to a profession more than any other capable of gratifying a taste for the observation of life and character in any country, and upon all social levels. The Foreign Office, like the Parliamentary, clerkships are technically not open to unrestricted competition. The Secretary of State's nomination is seldom beyond the reach of a properly qualified candidate. The youth obtaining it, if up to a first class in Moderations, or law and modern history honors, may secure in the Whitehall competition a success, opening to him not only the Foreign Office, but eventually its highest honors.

The property qualification has ceased to bar entrance to diplomacy, and an ambassadorship is as potentially in the neophyte's baggage as the Marshal's *bâton* in the conscript's knapsack.

From 1881 onward the chief Anglo-French commercial arrangements arrived at bear at some point or other the impress of the skill in dealing with them shown by the man whose services as chief of ambassadorial staffs have yet to be realized. His disappearance coincides with a new departure in our international service, which cannot but make itself felt upon our Consular system. If not during the war, yet as soon afterwards as possible, the Commercial and Consular Departments of the Foreign Office are to be transferred to the Board of Trade. As man of all work in the Paris Chancery, the deceased diplomatist has watched the points at which the trade interests of England, France, and the United States touch each other. In those of its aspects, necessarily but little in open evidence, the Anglo-Saxon Entente from the side of its French associations owes not a little to Sir Henry Lee. Finally, the new relations about to be instituted between the Foreign Office and the Board of Trade may give Whitehall reason to regret the directing brain and hand that did so much towards originating the idea.

The greatest change in his profession witnessed during Sir Austin Lee's time was that opening every branch of our Foreign Service to talents capable of success in the entrance competition, but not supported by the private income of four hundred a year. To democratize our diplomacy is an aspiration, certain, it is said, to be insisted on and realized after the war. The phrase and the process owe, no doubt, at the present time, something to President Wilson's declaration on the subject, already mentioned here, and to the new coöperation in external politics of statesmen on both sides of the Atlantic. The idea itself, however, is much older than the events that may have reëmphasized it now; it may, indeed, be regarded as having successfully personified itself in Sir Henry Lee's useful and brilliant course. Originating within the Foreign Office itself, it had for its earliest advocate Under-Secretary of State, Lord Currie, whose combination of aristocratic force and middle-class common sense made him an official success in Whitehall, and helped him as a diplomatist abroad. His maternal kinship with 'governing families' meant his nurture and training in a political atmosphere; and his opinions

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gradually became at once as advanced and as cautious as those of his cousin, the first Earl Kimberley. His blend of City and West End with genuine, popular sympathies made him the first representative in his day of the new order at the Foreign Office. His successor, Lord Tenterden, lacked nothing of Currie's ability; while very unusual experiences quickened and enlarged his conceptions of official procedure.

Secretary at Washington during the 'Alabama' arbitration period, he watched another phase of the same business at Geneva. His part in these transactions made him, till his early death in 1880, a link between Washington and London, as well as something like the opening of a new Anglo-American epoch. Just eighty-seven years had elapsed in Lord Tenterden's day since the United States in 1785 accredited its first representative, John Adams, to the Court of St. James's. During the eighteenth century he was followed by two men of exactly the same pattern, who might have been cut out of the same material as himself; neither of these, Thomas Pinckney (1792), nor Rufus King (1796), in personal manner or official method, stooped to the finesse of diplomacy. Like most of those who came after them, till the middle of the nineteenth century, they were plain-spoken men of business, with an exact knowledge of what they wanted, and with no gift of tongues. In 1800, the best known, though by no means the most successful, of American Ministers in this country was the future President (1816–1824). During his stay in Europe (for he also visited Madrid), James Monroe adumbrated the political principle bearing his name, that the American Continents are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European Power, though existing colonies were not to be interfered with. The Anglo-American differences of this period, notwithstanding the Ghent settlement that ended the second American war, still occasionally arose from the recrudescence of the British claim to naval search. Washington's recognition of the Spanish Republics and the widely ramifying issues connected with Federalism and State rights were also the subjects of international conference.

The middle of the Victorian age had been nearly reached before the London Corps Diplomatique welcomed an American Minister of the most improved type. George Bancroft (1846–1849) was the earliest prose writer of world-wide reputation chosen for the American Chancery on the Thames. He had, indeed, been preceded by a fellow countryman not less accomplished, if less famous,—Edward Everett,—whose antithetical and allusive style, instinct, as it was, with self-suppression, had a wide and lasting influence upon transatlantic letters. Bancroft, however, was known and studied wherever the English language is written or read. He remains to this day, with the exception of J. L. Motley (British Minister, 1869–1871), the greatest master of picturesque narrative whom his country had yet produced. The successive Foreign Office developments at Washington and Whitehall during the time of all these representatives from the United States and their successors quietly, but steadily, made for international good will. In 1782, at Paris and Versailles, after our American colonies had gained their independence, a French-Yankee faction, headed by Franklin and Jay, intrigued to upset the peace negotiations with England. The American delegate, also the first United States Minister to London, the already-mentioned John Adams, frustrated the intrigue, and so saved the negotiations

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from failure. A decade less than one hundred years afterwards, at Geneva, his grandson, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, maintained the family tradition by doing the Old Country a like good turn, and by supporting the withdrawal of the indirect claims from the arbitration tribunal (Lord Fitzmaurice's *Granville*, II, 98). The 'Alabama' proceedings at Washington first introduced to the English Commissioners the man who was afterwards to open the list of Ambassadors to the Court of St. James's. This was Mr. T. F. Bayard, described by Sir Stafford Northcote to Lord Granville as 'Really a very nice fellow indeed.'

The viewy and ingenious Laurence Oliphant, working on the lines marked out originally by David Urquhart, set some pamphleteering agencies in motion for the instruction of a select few on the true inwardness of the Eastern question — Far and Near. During Mr. Bayard's ambassadorial period in London, some thoughtful and patriotic international students, on both sides of the Atlantic, formed a society for promoting the peaceful settlement of controversies that if allowed to drift might end in war. In London, the high character of the support given to the scheme may be judged from the fact of its chief English supporter being Sir Robert Herbert, as Under-Secretary, responsible for so much of our Colonial success. The Americans, collaborating with him on the other side, included men of Herbert's calibre, who some time before had discussed the project with the inventive and resourceful Allan Thorndike Rice. These unofficial Anglo-American diplomatists, to the great advantage of multiplying readers, continued publishing their flyleaf, after the fashion advised by Rice, when editor of the *North American Review*, though he did not live to see his idea materialize.

The American agency just mentioned illustrated the possibilities of the present by the endeavors of the past. Fresh details about the Confederation of Nations, proposed to the second Pitt by the Russian Alexander I, prepared the Anglo-Saxon world for President Wilson's League of Nations. The social and political interest thus generated was accompanied or followed by a rediscovery of the lessons in national and international construction; to be learned from the stages by which the men who wrote or inspired *The Federalist* built up the United States Constitution in its home and foreign aspect. The chief novelty, perhaps, in President Wilson's comity of peoples is the admission of broad daylight into the subterranean passages of diplomacy.

International business, like other business, social or commercial, of an equally complex kind, cannot be profitably transacted to the accompaniment of a babel of tongues. Whatever the subject matter, the interests of the many must be committed to a capable and expert few. What the individuals or communities thus represented have a right to know, is the object aimed at, the line taken for its accomplishment, and the responsibilities fastened upon the onlookers who have to bear the cost, that knowledge involves a right of veto. That may well serve to bring back the words in which (Chesterfield, 1901) Lord Rosebery cautioned his countrymen against entanglement by any of their foreign neighbors in the network of Continental diplomacy in general, and against the recurring risk of secret treaties. Two circumstances helped to give those conventions a bad name. The first was the use made of them by the third Stuart King, for accepting the French Monarch as his paymaster. The second reason for their discredit showed itself in the manner and object of their employment by

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Prussia, which during the eighteenth century preceded the Court of the Tsar as a centre and school of European diplomacy. These treaties, however, proved indispensable to the settlement of modern Europe, including England, since without their aid Sir William Temple, in 1668, could not have effected the Triple Alliance (England, Holland, Sweden) against Louis XV, nor, in 1677, William of Orange's marriage with the Princess Mary. So, again, Marlborough's victories, under Queen Anne, would have accomplished nothing without in the next reign the conspiracies between the negotiators devised by Bolingbroke. In 1713, the Treaty of Utrecht came forth from a series of plottings behind closed doors of two or three men who entirely understood each other from the first, and who personified the international spirit of the time quite as effectively as the august brigands who forty-eight years later arranged (1761) the family compact between France and Spain.

During the first half of Queen Victoria's reign, some of the foreign policy debaters in both Houses had been trained in the diplomatic schools now recalled. The best-known occasion on which the secret treaty question then came up followed the Crimean War, and related to a mysterious Franco-Austrian understanding, engineered, as Disraeli suggested, by England, that in the Russian hostilities, Austria, if she did not hold entirely aloof, would take no step against France. Palmerston describing the whole story as a mare's nest left the matter practically where it began. Since 1878, the year of the Cyprus Convention, clandestine agreements about matters farther East have seldom, if ever, come before Parliament. President Wilson and Lord Rosebery, it will be seen, are equally against subterranean settlements between the Foreign Offices of the world. How, then, are the representatives of the people to be kept in touch with the doings of the diplomatists? In the post-war period we are sure to hear much about Foreign Office novelties that will at once strengthen and democratize our external statesmanship. What the place at that uncertain date will be is a matter of guess. As for the past no one doubts that the nervously asked question: 'What will the House of Commons say?' has been on all these matters the most fruitful cause of inefficiency, of delays, mistakes, and even disasters. These experiences long since set the more thoughtful of official intelligences, conversant with St. Stephen's, on considering whether and where a remedy for the evil might be found. Nothing better suggested itself than a Committee of Foreign Affairs on the American and French system. In this way the framers and conductors of our foreign policy would take the popular Chamber into their confidence. The Committee, carefully chosen from its members, would be sworn to secrecy; they would have the right of seeing papers and of consulting the permanent officials. The Foreign Minister would be bound to ask their advice, though not necessarily to follow it. Elected by the whole House, they would periodically report progress to their brother members. Such is the bare outline of a scheme for securing popular control over our international statesmanship, which on the first blush of it, however impracticable, might perhaps be put into working shape. One thing is certain, more than two million voters of both sexes combined have been added to the electorate. Among the recently enfranchised, a considerable proportion will prove more pertinaciously inquisitive about Ministerial doings abroad, not less than at home, more disinclined to take 'Yes' or 'No' for an answer than any

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earlier occupants of the green leather benches. At the same time, too, there has opened an entirely fresh epoch in the political education of the country. The aggregate of influence collectively exercised by the new journalism, price one halfpenny, at least equals, and probably exceeds, that wielded by the press, in what some might call its palmiest period. There is, however, to-day no broad sheet speaking with the authority of the *Times* during the Victorian age, before its owners had done for it what Socrates did for philosophy — brought it down from the Gods to men. From 1841 till 1876, J. T. Delane sat in Printing House Square with the fingers of one hand on the pulse of public opinion and the other open to receive relays of information from Downing Street councils or foreign dispatches from Continental statesmen who were making the European history of their age. Then came the editorial conferences with Reeve, Gallenza, Dasent, and Lowe. The next morning the ten-pound householders and their Parliamentary representatives received the deliverance of John Walter's journal on international issues with unquestioning faith, as the classical Greek once heard the response of the Delphic oracle. The shrewdest of Victorian editors had no axe of his own, whether in connection with Mart or Cabinet, to grind; he took care that none of his writers should have axes of their own either. As a consequence, his readers knew instinctively that everything which it concerned them to hear about the doings of British statesmanship beyond seas was conveyed in the handsome sheet, owned by the Walters, easy to read, pleasant to handle, and, after a fashion, gratifying to their patriotic vanity, forming an impressive contrast to the fragile and poverty-stricken 'rags' patronized by the brown-paper, cigarette-smoking foreigners, who bought their national news sheets for about one twelfth of the charge formerly made for a single copy of the *Times* in the seedy shops abutting on Leicester Square. Newspaper readers of the old school resented, as savoring of impiety, the challenge to the costly organ of the upper middle class thrown down by a popularly priced press. Jupiter, Junior, however (Charles Austin's name for the earliest and ablest of the new journals, the *Daily Telegraph*), turned out so little of a leveler, as to become the colleague rather than the rival of the original great Jove himself. As foreign correspondents, Whitehurst and Beatty Kingston worked with the *Times*' men. For the *Standard* and *Daily News* Mrs. Emily Crawford and Hely Bowes were quite as authentic and readable about movements of every kind as the great Blowitz himself.

Since then, and particularly during the present war time, new methods have been found to satisfy and instruct the indisputably growing appetite for international knowledge. The Local Government Acts of 1888 have produced, not only an entirely new kind of municipal machinery, still on its trial, but a race of municipal magnates bent upon exercising an entirely new influence on the daily life of their fellow citizens, and supplying them in the shape of lectures and flyleafs with the knowledge that shall guide them to an intelligent opinion on the questions now convulsing the world. The mayor of to-day is the Parliamentary candidate of to-morrow; he aspires the day after to represent his borough at Westminster. Meanwhile, His Worship serves his generation and keeps himself well in the running for a birthday honor by encouraging at essay clubs and debating societies attention to the external concerns of his native land. On a humbler level, in the workshops and fac-

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tories of the Midlands and the North, the same subject, thanks to the great events now in progress from day to day, enters, as it never did before, into the tobacco parliaments of the dinner hour, and after the day's work is over, is prominent in fireside talk, or in the select gatherings of the 'private bar.' This process of self-education began with the war among the industrial classes. Since then it has never ceased for a moment. As a consequence, foreign politics, including our diplomacy and its makers, will cause a good deal of heckling whenever and wherever the next electoral caucuses are held. Sir Henry Austin Lee's retrospect, when it appears in print, will no doubt recall the best known of those near enough to him to be called his contemporaries. Of these the most brilliant among our then younger Ambassadors, Sir Fairfax Cartwright, represented his country at Vienna till a year before the war broke out; Sir Maurice de Bunsen was also at the Austrian capital during this period. Those of ambassadorial rank still in active service include, at Madrid, Sir Arthur Hardinge; and at Rome, Sir Rennell Rodd. Both of these have had the advantage of personal contact with Anglo-American diplomacy, and ever since they entered the public service have shown a wholesome consciousness of their responsibility, not only to their chiefs at Whitehall, but to every branch of those national interests which our representatives abroad, if they keep their eyes and ears open, seldom want opportunities to advance.

During the progress of this writing another proof has been given that the new at the Foreign Office is apt to turn out only the old. At the beginning of the eighteenth century William Pitt the First had for his most intimate friend at Eton and Oxford, Gilbert West, remembered, if at all to-day, less for his translation of Pindar, than for those *Observations of the Resurrection*, in which, as was done about the same time by the first Lord Lyttelton, when dealing with St. Paul, he recanted his early Deism and declared his acceptance of the entire Gospel narrative. The two had made the grand tour together; after the fashion of the time for young men of quality, something of amateur diplomacy had been done, with more or less success, by both, and especially by West. Returning for his degree to Christchurch, he found himself one among a select few newly-fledged graduates, singled out by the Minister of the day for the offer of a promising position in the Foreign Service. Since then successive governments have been in the habit of reserving army cadetships for University candidates. Now a revival seems likely of Oxford and Cambridge nominees for the Foreign Office. Sir Cecil Spring-Rice owed something of his early success as Ambassador at Washington to his friend, Mr. Roosevelt. His rare personal endowments, including his graceful scholarship, left an impression on American society, which still survives. Now Mr. J. P. Morgan and one or two other favorites of fortune are honoring their old friend's memory, as well as investing the Anglo-Saxon Entente with a new feature, by raising a fund, which after due provision for Sir Cecil Spring-Rice's family, will institute scholarships at Balliol to help their winners in qualifying by travel and through other agencies for the career to which the founder was prematurely lost. The British government can scarcely be a mere spectator of all this, or avoid a closer connection of itself with the profession that increasingly needs the best brains with which it can be strengthened and renovated by our seats of learning — old or new.

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SOME LETTERS FROM AN AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION

BY DOROTHEA CHARNWOOD

To any collector of old letters it is a source of unfeigned regret that today furnishes hasty scrawls or typewritten screeds instead of the delightful epistles of old days. Personally I have never been able to discover why this is so; there are, after all, the same number of hours in each day, and the numberless ways in which we do things more quickly and less elaborately — from traveling to dressing — would suggest that we had more, and not less, time at our disposal. But how few real letters do we either write or receive! And when we do get them, as at rare intervals it still happily happens, do we value them as we ought?

I have before me an example of the pious care with which Dr. Hook, Vicar of Leeds, guarded a letter from Wordsworth. It is written on one side of a big sheet in a large hand rather quickly on August 2, 1838. Its purport is — among other things — to explain that he cannot offer the Hooks hospitality under his roof at that moment, as much of his home is unroofed for the purpose of adding to it. On the other side, as well as the address, are several of the sonnets cut from the newspaper and pasted on the letter's reverse; there is also the sonnet on the projected railway from Kendal to Windermere, carefully copied out, signed, and dated. I bought the whole thing many years ago, on the basis that only the letter was genuine. Last summer an expert was going through my collection, and gave it as his opinion that the sonnet was also in the handwriting of Wordsworth, dated and signed by him. The writing is much more careful, as undoubtedly would be the case in copying a poem for a friend, for Dr. Hook must have kept the letter six years, and then taken it to Wordsworth and asked him to write out the sonnet on its back, sign it, and date it on the occasion, October 12, 1844. This, of course, greatly adds to the value of my possession, and was quite unexpected at the time of purchase.

The handwriting of Cowper flows beautifully along the large pages, just as his words follow each other without haste or halt:

To Samuel Rose, Esq.

Chancery Lane, London.
Decr. 1, 1791.

My dear Friend, — On application made this morning to your last letter but one, with much amazement I perceive that, though you have not reminded me of the omission in your last, it still remains unanswered. At least if I have answer'd it, my memory has entirely let slip the matter, which, bad as it is, I think is hardly quite so treacherous. It is a wonder that I should forget so far as to doubt about it, because in that letter you mention your encrease of business, which gave me the sincerest pleasure, and it was my purpose to have told you so immediately, because to express the joy we feel in the success of a friend, is itself a pleasure.

I thank you much for the intelligence sent me by William Throckmorton concerning the sale of my volumes: from Johnson I hear nothing, and should therefore have been left to vague conjectures, but for your information. Months ago, I desired him to send me all that either he or Fuseli could collect or think of that might assist me in the Milton way, but he has sent me noth-

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ing. I have not indeed as yet perceived the want of such aids, having been hitherto employed merely in translation, but I am now in the middle of the Manso which is the last Latin poem but two, and shall consequently soon see the end of my traductory labors. You will oblige me therefore, if, when you find an opportunity, you will be so good as to remind him that here is an Editor of his at Weston, who has long expected a parcel from him.

Lady Hesketh has been and is still indisposed. Her disorder was at first the rheumatism. She applied a blister, which, having only half its effect, has occasioned her much trouble. She has since applied another, from which we hope better success, but there has not yet been time to ascertain it.

If the Christmas Holidays should prove Holidays to you, we shall hope for the pleasure of seeing you. In the meantime we often think of you and always with affection.

Our united Comps attend yourself and Mrs. Rose,

Believe me, my dear Friend,

Sincerely yours,

Wm. Cowper.

I am quite of your mind respecting the propriety of 8vo.

Very different is the writing of Sheridan, and the matter. The demure reference to his supposed habit of early seeking his bed is really full of delightful mischief. Surely few families can ever have been more generously dowered with charm than that of which he was the most distinguished member.

To Mrs. Richardson

Berners Street, Oxford Road.
Friday Evening, Sept. 8, 1809.

My dear Madam, — Tho' I applaud every Family that follows my example of early hours I was sorry to-night to find you gone to bed so much before eleven — for as my Son and Daughter are arrived at Randalls I must leave Town to-morrow as soon as it is in my Power. I am therefore compell'd to make you an ungallant request that instead of my waiting on you I may expect the Pleasure of seeing you in Queen St. before two.

I am, Dr. Madam,

Yours very truly,

R. B. Sheridan.

The following letter from Coleridge is, to my mind, exceedingly entertaining. One feels tolerably sure that he was up to a good deal of literary work if he was able to make out such a long case to prove that he was not. The reference to the two sheets is the only unbending he allows himself in his own tragedy:

Dr. Cox

Library, University of London.

Dear Sir, — For some weeks past I have labored under an affection of the Chest and a functional derangement of the Bronchia, with cough and excessive expectoration for the first two hours after my getting up — tho' I am not wholly free from the latter during the rest of the day — and these distempers have been accompanied with a depression so completely incapacitating me from all literary effort that most anxious as I have been to put into Mr. Taylor's hands the copy for the new Edition or more correctly the rifacciamento of my Aids to Reflection, I have been compelled to suspend the task. A few days ago, however, an erysipelatious Affection made its appearance on both my Legs, now on one, now on another — and in paroxysms as it were, returning at night — so that a mutual friend is inclined to think it a substitute for gout which I have not strength enough to mature into a regular fit. My spirits have been considerably relieved since the appearance of this whatever it be — but some (slight indeed but ominous) symptoms of the disorder on my *forehead*, the death signal of my friend Sir George Beaumont, and the continued oppression on my Chest, would stamp any promise of a literary kind from me, whether positive or conditional, with the character not only of rashness, but of carelessness respecting my word, and a disrespect to you. Mr. Colburn might be expecting a sheet for the Press, when the Author was being layed out for his winding sheet. Believe me when I say I have formed from what I have heard so high an opinion of you as a Man and a Christian, that, I should, in a reëstablished state of body and mind find an additional motive for acceding to Mr. Colburn's proposals in the knowledge that I should be working under your auspices and it will be a comfort to me that you should know me to be as I really am.

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With my sincere respect and regard, dear Sir,

Your obliged friend,

S. T. Coleridge.

Friday Noon.

Grove, Highgate

(Feb. 20, 1829).

This letter from Southey breathes such an atmosphere of real kindness and sympathy that one realizes what a good friend he must have been — say, to Coleridge! There is genuine feeling for the poor authoress in the determination — delicately carried out — not to raise false hopes:

To Miss Nichols

Keswick:

Feb. 11, 1839.

Madam, — I happened to be in a different part of the country when your letter arrived, otherwise it would not have remained so long unanswered.

You know not, Madam, of how little avail among publishers the opinion of an old author is in behalf of a young one: and how useless any opinion would be that the most experienced writer could give.

It rarely happens in these times that a volume of poems obtains sale enough to cover its expenses. Publishers know this, and we authors who venture to publish at their own expense pay dearly for the disappointment which they are sure to meet with.

If you will cause a few specimens of your poetry to be left at No. 1 Harley Street, the packet will be forwarded to me by the first opportunity of transmitting it. But do not imagine that my opinion can be of any other use, than that of expressing my good wishes.

I remain, Madam,

Yours very truly,

Robert Southey.

The letter from George Borrow that I print here is written in the same year. It is of exceptional interest, and admirably written; much of his later writing is almost illegible. It is addressed to his mother at Norwich, and I am always glad that I have so peculiarly valuable an example:

Seville, Spain.

April 1839.

My dear Mother, — I should have written to you before I left Madrid but I had a long and dangerous journey to make and I wished to get it over before saying anything to you. I am now safely arrived by the blessing of God in Seville. If it were not a strange place with a strange language, I know you would like to live in it, but it is rather too late in the day for you to learn Spanish and accommodate yourself to Spanish ways. Before I left Madrid I accomplished a great deal, having sold upwards of 1000 Testaments and nearly 500 Bibles, so that at present very few remain indeed, not a single Bible, and I was obliged to send away hundreds of people who wanted to purchase, but whom I could not supply. All this has been done without the slightest noise or disturbance or anything that could give cause of displeasure to the government, so that I am now on very good terms with the authorities, though they are perfectly aware of what I am about. Should the Society think proper to be guided by the experience which I have acquired and my knowledge of the country and the people they might if they choosed sell at least 12,000 Bibles and Testaments yearly in Spain, but let them adopt or let any other people adopt any other principle than that on which I act, and everything will miscarry. All the difficulties, as I told my friends the time I was in England, which I have had to encounter were owing to the faults and imprudences of other people. Two Methodist schoolmasters have lately settled at Cadiz and some little time ago took it into their heads to speak and preach as I am informed against the Virgin Mary; information was instantly sent to Madrid and the blame or part of it was as usual laid to me, however I found means to clear myself for I have powerful friends in Madrid who are well acquainted with my views and who interested themselves for me, otherwise I should have been sent out of the country, as I believe the two others have been or will be. I have said nothing on this point in my letters home, as people would perhaps say that I was lukewarm, whereas on the contrary I think of nothing but the means best adapted to promote the cause; but I am not one of those disposed to run a ship on a rock when only a little skill is necessary to keep her on the open sea.

I hope Mrs. Clarke will write shortly, tell her if she wishes for a retreat, I have found one here for her and Henrietta. I have my eye on a beautiful small house at fifteen pence a day. I call it a small house though it is a paradise in its way; having a stable,

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courtyard, fountain, and twenty rooms. She has only to write to my address at Madrid and I shall receive the letter without fail. Henrietta had better bring with her a Spanish grammar and pocket dictionary as not a word of English is spoken here; the house* dog likewise had better come as it may be useful. God bless you therefor for the present, my dearest Mother.

The two letters that I have chosen next are both written from Brussels. Macaulay's denotes the utter absence of resentment that his plans were interfered with and shows his charm as one would expect. Ease of communication had improved everywhere in the last seventy-five years; it is sad to think to what a pass it is now reduced. What a thunder of denunciation the present plight of Belgium would call forth from that champion of liberty! There is a special pathetic appropriateness in the allusion to the city of Louvain in particular:

Brussels, Oct. 14, 1841.

Dear Charles, — I have this moment received your two letters. I give you joy with all my heart of all that the first contains. The second will alter all my plans. But that matters little. I have seen all that I very much cared to see, except Louvain. And I have found traveling in this country so easy and agreeable that this will not be my last visit. I shall start for England tomorrow, and cross from Ostend, I know not whether for Dover or for London, but by the first conveyance I can find. If there be any difficulty I shall probably go to Calais and cross from there. It is not usual for ships, particularly when the notice is so short, to keep very strictly to their day. And I have little doubt that I shall be in time to see you and to make acquaintance with Mary, who will, I suppose, by that time have attained all the serene dignity of the matronly character. Give her my love.

Ever yours,
T. B. Macaulay.

Edward FitzGerald's letter to Crabbe needs no words of mine to point its historical and literary interest, but I may perhaps be allowed a quotation from Mr. Thomas Wright's *Life of FitzGerald*, which is dedicated to the Reverend E. Kenworthy Browne, the son of E. F. G.'s greatest friend, 'the bloody warrior.' The letter here printed is written to the son of the poet, and the George of whom it speaks is the son of his correspondent, and in the house of this third George Crabbe FitzGerald eventually died. The extract that I here give from the *Life* shows that this letter is practically unknown; it reads thus:

In June FitzGerald, Browne, and the Rev. George Crabbe took a trip together to the Rhine, one of the mementoes of this journey being a Baedeker's Manual of Conversation, with the following in Browne's writing: 'W. K. B., Heidelberg, Monday, June 16, 1856. — E. F. G., G. C., and W. K. B.' Of this journey I am unable to find previous record, and in view of what it must have meant to him, it is singular that his writings contain no reference to it.

Brussels, June 19, 1856.

My dear Crabbe, — I am bad at describing Travel: and I don't think you would care to read about so stale a Travel as ours. Yesterday week we got to Paris: put up at a good Inn fronting the Tuileries: wondered at the whole Palace of the Louvre which *is* very wonderful; admired some of the Pictures within: drove about: walked about: dined about: and on Saturday went a journey of 8 hours to Strasbourg; which is a quaint and diverting City enough. The famous Cathedral is, *I* think, a failure: looking not nearly so high as one hears it is: and the inside quite inferior (as are all the other Cathedrals we have seen) to half a dozen of our own in Grandeur and Solemnity. On Sunday (name it not in Gath — or Dallingho!) we traveled to *Heidelburg* — a very pretty old Town on a River (Necker) whose Streams and Banks are just like the Avon between Bradford and Bath: except for rows of Pines on the Rocks, and a Castle. On Monday we railed to Frankfort: a fine opulent City on the Rhine: slept at Mayence, also a fine, lively, garrisoned City: — and on *Tuesday* descended the famous Rhine; which is, I think, and as I expected, *quite a failure:* — not a bit better in its best parts than parts of the River Dart, for in-

* Perhaps a real English bulldog would be better.

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stance: its color dirty; its banks inferior in Color, both of Rock and Tree to much in England. It is this drier climate, I suppose, that does not clothe the Rocks with many-colored lichen and moss like ours: and the Rock itself is not varied by that metallic hue which gives so much Color to the Rocks at Tenby and Torquay. Well — we at last got to Cologne, having a very pleasant dinner on board by the way, and wondering at the German Appetite: just stopped at Cologne to see the German Cathedral — also quite inferior to ours, I thought, in Depth and Solemnity; and slept at Aix la Chapelle, where is another Cathedral one cares very little about; though it mainly consists of a barbarous Byzantine looking *Temple*-Church which *I* liked more than the Gothic Choir: and which I wondered what you would have to say to. Yesterday we came here, a sprightly clean City — George, and my Friend (and now, I think, *his* Friend) Captain Browne, are just set off on a Coach to visit — Waterloo! — a thing I have declined for Reasons which may not be so easily understood to others; and may indeed be very unreasonable.

Thus far about our Journey: in which I have little to notch my Memory with except the pleasure of the Company I have traveled with; and the Consciousness of the Prosperity and Happiness of other Countries beside one's own. I am convinced France is amazingly improved in its Agriculture; and the only thing I cared for *at all* on the Rhine was the delightful little clean, spacious, cheerful Towns with Banks, with a goodhumored, goodlooking People. It was pleasant to quit the French Face for the German: and the Prussian Soldiery at Mayence made me sigh to think of the degraded Squads that now occupy London! — Only think, Dover Castle is now occupied, and (I suppose) defended by a Foreign (German) Legion, as inferior Germans as our late Recruits are inferior English! This is one reason I can't bring my mind to go to Waterloo! — but Englishmen ought to go, too!

We could not have got on *at all* without George: whose Goodhumor, Activity, and Understanding, keep us alive and going. I believe I have been the only one of the Party who has made any Bother: — but my two Friends smile and 'keep the Pot boiling.' Little as I really love Travel, I really look with a sort of Terror now that the Hour approaches for the Dissolution of a little Partnership which probably never will unite again. To-night we are to go to Antwerp: and, after seeing that Cathedral and its great Rubens, on Friday talk of crossing by night from Ostend to London; so as George will get home to his Diocese by Saturday night. I will let you know our further movements: — which now will be to leave London behind; but I depend partly on the Cowells.

Meanwhile,

Believe me,
Yrs. now as ever,
E. F. G.

Bulwer Lytton's words to an admiring critic give a good indication to his character, and not an unpleasant one; the review was on *The Last of the Barons*.

My dear Sir, — I beg to thank you most sincerely for your Article in the *Westminster*, which I have only just read — owing to one of these attacks of illness which with me are pretty frequent, and in this case it has been attended with severe pain.

Your review has given me more pleasure than any English criticism I ever saw upon my general pretensions as a Writer and is the more grateful to me from its contrast with the calumnies of earnest enemies and the depreciating praise of hollow friends — I should be glad if my future in any way justify your anticipations — but among my faults you have not reckoned the greatest of all — the physical frame that often fails not only the ability but the hope and the desire.

It would be ungracious in me to say anything in defense of errors or deficiencies so leniently touched on — I content myself simply with observing that I had not the motives you have suggested in taking the new Monthly Magazine. I had hoped to have rendered that an useful agent in advancing literary and political opinion but a variety of circumstances over which I had not control did not permit me to carry out my design.

For the rest believe me truly grateful — not only for the generous praise, but the gentle censure.

Yours truly,
E. L. Bulwer.

Feb. 3d, 1843.

Disraeli's letter, written apparently in the winter of 1851–2, is one of the best, to my mind, that he ever wrote. I do not think it has ever been pub-

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lished. His astonishing vitality and his keen appreciation of points and values connected with himself are so refreshingly frank that he carries one along almost in spite of one's self:

We dined yesterday at the Henry Bulwers'. Guizot was there. He had his red ribbon on and also his Golden Fleece. He talked of returning to Paris immediately and perhaps intends to be Minister to Louis N. He seems quite insensible to the catastrophe and referred to it frequently with the greatest *sang froid* — as if it had been a change of ministry. It was tolerably bold and cool to wear the Fleece — still more so to go in the evening, where we met him again — at the Palmerstons'! M. A. sat at dinner next to Mahon. Delane was also at dinner. He is of Higgins' opinion, that we shall be in, in two years or less: wants to know the personnel of my government; I cannot be two Secretaries of State at the same time. Whether they were gingered up by the articles in the *Times* or not, I can't say, but the congratulations we received at Lady P.'s far exceeded old days even when I turned out Peel. Hobhouse, who is always communicative after dinner, told M. A. in confidence what Lord John had written to the Queen about the speech — great praise, as to its power of argument, thought, and rhetoric.

Palmerston was still warmer — and Ld Malmesbury told me that Stanley 'who never pays compliments, you know, that's not his way' sd it was one of the best things that was ever done. For my own part, I see many deficiencies and omissions — but they may be supplied — if not by my colleagues by myself in reply.

Ever yr. aff.

D.

The last letter here is the one which touches me the most intimately, both for its own words and the circumstances under which it was written. In the October of 1870 a distinguished Englishman was visiting Boston. He was sitting in the club with Oliver Wendell Holmes, Longfellow, and others, and they put him in the chair that Thackeray had formerly occupied. At that moment the English traveler received his post, and after reading one of his letters, he passed it over to Mr. Holmes saying, 'There, my daughter is so much afraid of my not meeting you, or not valuing you properly if I do, that she has written me her true opinion of you.' The author read the appreciation from his unknown admirer, and replied by a letter so intimate that, without the permission of the lady to whom it was written, one would hesitate, even at this distance of time, to print it. But it affords such an unusually full and utterly attractive view of an author's personality that it seems almost a duty to make it known:

My dear Young Lady. — Your cruel parent very unfairly showed me a letter of yours in which you allude to my humble self in such warmly tinted language that my cheek took a momentary flush of color from it as I read.

Need I tell you that such a recognition as yours coming so innocently in a letter not meant for my eyes, from one so far away, from a young Lady, a young English Lady, and one not wanting as I judge, in a certain vivacity of likes and dislikes, gave me exquisite pleasure?

It is a very kind and Christian act to tell a writer who has coined his experience, his pleasures and pains, his hopes and regrets in words that they have reached the heart of a distant reader. This making of distant friends — friends whom we never trouble or tire, — for when we have told them all we have to say or all they want to hear, it is nothing but shutting up a book and they are gone — is one of the dearest, the most precious rewards of authorship.

I have often found that in opening my own heart I have opened another I little thought of reaching. Sometimes (do not tell it in Gath or Askelon) I have written with tears in my eyes, and then I have found — what Horace told so long ago — that I made them find their way from beneath other lids. I know — (but only one ought to read this) why you have that feeling for me you speak of through your father, and which touches me so nearly. I *am* simple-hearted — I *am* sincere, I *am* tender in my feelings to my race, and sometimes I do reach a freedom of utterance which convinces a kind-hearted reader of all this and makes us intimates at once. It seems to me that just as a juryman may challenge this

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and that and the other man, peremptorily, without alleging cause, so we have a right to like this or that author without saying anything more than that he pleases us. Perhaps you can give no good reason for your partiality for my poor literary labors — perhaps you will not be content with my solution, though I do not think I claim what would be denied me.

At any rate I have made you a shade, a thought, an appreciable atom happier for having written, and you tell me as much, and I feel the same kind of gratitude that a young girl does to the youth who whispers in her ear that he loves her. I do not know whether it is logical to be grateful under such circumstances, but I know it is natural.

The Cornhill Magazine

This letter might well frighten you if it threatened more like itself. But your father said you would n't mind receiving an 'autograph,' and I could not resist the temptation of prefixing a few words, which you can make into curl papers or candle lighters and keep the slip below with all the signature of

Yours devotedly,
Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Boston, Oct. 20th, 1870.

This letter, again, is written in exquisite caligraphy on only one small sheet. But the piece of paper made a friend who still cherishes the memory of the man who wrote on it.

ENGLAND IN ENGLISH MUSIC

BY ERNEST NEWMAN

Mr. E. V. Lucas, writing, of course, as a non-musician, had an interesting article in one of the London papers the other day on Rosing's recitals exhibiting 'The Soul of Russia' in song. Mr. Lucas asks whether 'The Soul of England' could be illustrated by a song recital in Petrograd; and, if so, what would be the singer's choice of songs?

Rosing divides his cycle into five sections, entitled 'Folk Songs,' 'Oppression,' 'Love,' 'Suffering,' and 'Satire and Gayety.' Mr. Lucas naturally doubts whether such a scheme would apply in its entirety to England. He rules out at once the heading of 'Oppression'; for this, he thinks, 'Conquest' would have to be substituted. I am not sure that he is wholly right. Oppression from abroad we may not have known since the Norman Conquest; but there has been oppression enough within our borders. The sufferings of the poor under the protectionist or the cotton-spinning régime of the first half of the nineteenth century ought surely to make as good emotional stuff for music as the sufferings of the Russians under an invader. These working people had their own poet in Ebenezer Elliott; had we, as a race, been a little more musical, they might have had also the musical equivalent of the 'Corn Law Rhymes' — the feelings of the suffering poor expressed in music by some one of their own class.

On the whole, English music would make rather a poor show in a recital of the Rosing kind. By drawing not merely upon the song but upon our music in general we might, possibly, just manage to give the foreigner a glimpse of the English soul; but it would be only a glimpse. (I hope no furious 'nationalist' will write in triumph to the

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Observer to point out that here am I talking about 'the English soul' after denying for years the existence of such a thing. A term like 'the English soul' or 'the English character' only becomes a danger when used as the musical nationalists use it; but no one in his senses denies that local conditions have made us in some respects different from foreigners, and 'the English soul' may serve as a convenient piece of shorthand for these local idiosyncrasies.) Nothing, in fact, could demonstrate the limitations of English music so forcibly as an attempt to make a selection of music that should really reveal us to the intelligent foreigner as our poetry or our fiction does. The central fact in our national life is surely the sea. We have some sense of the sea voiced for us in our poetry and prose, though even there for the best things that have been said on the subject we have to go to a Pole like Mr. Conrad. But our music has almost invariably failed to catch the color and the mystery of the sea. If there is a distinct type among us it is that of the sailor; the sea has made of him a being more different from the rest of us in character, in psychology, even in appearance, than the average Frenchman or Russian is. But though we have plenty of songs about the sailor, we have no songs that express the sailor. Some of Dibdin's come nearest to doing it; but Dibdin's musical equipment was a meagre one. For the rest, the composers of sailor songs give us nothing but a lay figure. It is always the hero of the 'three jolly sailor boys' type, the shore sailor compounded of a love of grog and a love of the tradesman's daughter; of the strange, remote look you can see in the eye of any sailor as you pass him in the street — the unconscious look that comes of always looking over vast spaces and of being more solitary of soul than the rest of us — of this the songs give us absolutely nothing. There is not a single English song that could represent to a foreigner the part played by the sea in making Englishmen what they are — nothing comparable to the expression that Sibelius has given to the forests and lakes of Finland. Delius has painted the salt sadness of the sea very wonderfully in 'Sea Drift,' and Bantock has given us the true sea sense in some parts of his 'Hebridean' Symphony; but the real sea and the real sailor do not exist in English song.

It is astonishing, when one comes to think of it, how little of our English character (or characters) and how little of our English landscape and seascape is reflected in our music. Some people will have it that Parry's music expresses the English bluffness. But Parry's musical bluffness seems to me only an affectation of the 'three jolly sailor boys' order; his admirers persuaded him that it had fallen to him to be the representative English musician, and he dressed for the part, so to speak — for the part, that is, as he conceived it. Personally, I should be sorry to have foreigners derive their notion of the Englishman from Parry's music: I should prefer a little less bluffness and a little more beauty. We are really not as dull, as stiff jointed, mentally and physically, as Parry's music would make us out to be. The truth is that we English have as yet hardly found ourselves in music. Think of what the war produced in the way of poetry, and then of the total failure of all our musicians, except Elgar!

In other fields we have quite a number of good songs, but few of them really represent England. Bantock's Oriental imaginings, for instance, beautiful as they are, are only English in the sense that they are the work of an Englishman, not English in the sense that *A Shropshire Lad*, or *Clayhanger*, or

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Kipps is. Here and there we get, in English music, a real breath of the English countryside. Sullivan, in a modest way, has given it us in the duet between Elsie and Prince Henry in the middle of 'The Golden Legend'; and in the final duet between the soldier and the landlady in 'The Boatswain's Mate' we have unmistakable English types expressing themselves in a natural English idiom. We have few first-rate English love-songs. Among the best of those that seem to me truly English are Mr. F. C. Nicholls's Tennyson settings. Nor is our peculiar English cheerfulness well expressed in our songs. Those that aim at it merely exploit, for the most part, one of two well-worn *clichés* — the 'three jolly sailor boys' trick applied to the rollicking countryman. For the real thing we have to go to the second of the 'Pomp and Circumstance' marches. In a short column I cannot profess to cover the whole ground, and I must ask my readers not to imagine that I have forgotten such good and characteristically English things as Roger Quilter's 'Julia' cycle, or the songs of Butterworth and others. But, on the whole, England is expressed very poorly in English song. It may be because our composers have lived too much in conservatoires and concert rooms, and have not used their eyes and ears enough in the actual world. There is no reason in the nature of things why some English composer should not do for the English village idiot what Moussorgsky has done for the Russian idiot in his marvelously pathetic 'Savichna' — no reason, except that our conservatoire-bred musician would think the village idiot beneath his notice.

The Observer

THE COMMON LOT

BY JOHN DRINKWATER

When youth and summer-time are gone,
And age puts quiet garlands on,
And in the speculative eye
The fires of emulation die,
But as to-day our time shall be
Trembling upon eternity,
While, still inconstant in debate,
We shall on revelation wait,
And age, as youth, will daily plan
The sailing of the caravan.

The Nation

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ECONOMICS, TRADE, AND FINANCE

THE ECONOMIC PROSPECTS OF THE CZECHO-SLOVAK REPUBLIC

From the economic standpoint the Czecho-Slovak State is so far the most prosperous of all the National States in what was formerly the Dual Monarchy. Its wealth in natural products of every sort proves this conclusively. It is true that there are no signs apparent that normal production will be resumed. The eight-hour working day is already law, but while in German mines the eight-hour shift counts from the arrival of the miner at his work, in the Ostrau-Karwin district an hour is deducted for the time spent in going into and out of the pit. Wages show no tendency to fall. In the Ostrau district there have been repeated increases, and since a minimum wage of 75 per cent of the average earnings in the period immediately preceding the introduction of the new system has been settled, every hewer draws at least 14 Kronen a day, however little work he gets through. In addition there are bonuses for children, etc. The output of coal is therefore always in arrears, and is from 35 to 40 per cent below the peace figures, and some 25 per cent below the summer output. As the Czecho-Slovak State is only concerned about its own coal requirements and does not trouble to supply the neighboring States, there is enough coal extracted to work the railways and important undertakings. The railway traffic is not so congested as in Germany; in fact, over the frontier express trains are running with ample accommodation. The sugar factories are able to cope with the harvested beet, and the Czechs are counting on having a large surplus for export. This, with a number of other products, is intended to procure an equivalent value of foodstuffs and raw material, which are as much required by Czecho-Slovakia as by the rest of Central Europe. The harvest is sufficient to feed the population for several months, and so, since the secession from the Monarchy and the export prohibitions, the prices of foodstuffs have fallen and living is cheaper than it was and than it is actually at Vienna.

Production is not, however, normal, except in the foodstuffs industry. The textile industries, which are dependent on foreign raw materials, are in much the same position as before, as also the heavy industries, in which the munition works have found it difficult to change over to peace conditions. In many great works, as, for example, at Witkowitz, the workmen, whose number has been greatly reduced — directly after the outbreak of war the numbers fell from 23,000 to 13,000 owing to the defection of Poles, Germans, etc., but they have risen again to 17,000 through the return of the soldiers — have been employed on making peace articles, more especially railway material, but as no special orders were on hand the output has chiefly been switches, pairs of wheels, and such stock articles. The Skoda works, with their enormous plant, are almost at a standstill. The workmen have decreased from a maximum staff of 32,000 to 15,000; in any case, the shortage of coal and disinclination to work would have checked the transition to peace manufactures, even if the break-up of the Empire had not brought about another critical position. The Skoda works, the largest in-

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dustrial concern of the Czecho-Slovak State, counted on a large export of their cannons, etc., which had gained great reputation during the war, and also wished to produce peace-time articles on a large scale of steel and cast iron in the railway department, and especially in the proposed locomotive works. The Skoda works have indeed actually supplied the Czecho-Slovak government during the revolution with cannon, but on the whole the government, although the company's premises are in Pilsen, regards the business as German, since hitherto its centre for capital and credit has been Vienna. They are among the largest creditors of the War Administration — and it is calculated that the orders, including those not yet completed, may run to 200,000,000 Kronen, and the Czecho-Slovak government is very slow in recognizing their claims. The Skoda works have indeed only received from the Liquidation Commission in Vienna the barest amount for pressing wage and other payments. It is conceivable, therefore, that they look to the Czecho-Slovak government for support, and there are rumors of negotiations with the Zivnostenska Bank. Baron Skoda holds nearly half the shares and could easily part with some of them to the bank and give it an interest in the concern. Some such arrangement is probable, unless the Czecho-Slovak government wishes to destroy this and other concerns by non-recognition of their claims on the war administration. It is doubtful whether such policy is wise, even if it allows the government to get the works cheaply into its own hands, and it is not calculated to discourage Bolshevism. Many other works in the Czecho-Slovak State are in a similar plight. Where the war material industries have made large demands on the old War Treasury they are crippled, as they can barely obtain new credits for their working expenses. Concerns which have large holdings in war loan are hampered by its unsaleability and the refusal of the government to allow its use for payment of war taxes.

The Czecho-Slovak government issued a Freedom Loan of 500,000,000 Kronen in 4 per cent, 4-year Treasury Bonds at par. There were 191,000 subscribers, who subscribed altogether 1,048,400,000 Kronen. In consequence, only the small subscriptions up to 1,000 Kronen could be satisfied in full, while of the larger subscriptions up to 10,000 Kronen, 50 per cent, and of those up to 50,000 Kronen, 40 per cent, and of those above that amount 30 per cent only were allotted. In any case the loan is quite inadequate to meet the increased demand for money. One of the first financial measures of the Czech government was the issue of emergency money by the Bohemian Landesbank. These bills — which carry no interest, and may only be used in commercial discount and banking transactions — have a circulation of 90 days at most. The bank may issue such bills to the amount of four times the 'cash' held by it in notes of the Austro-Hungarian Bank and in denominational coins of Krone currency. The bills are legal currency in the Czecho-Slovak State equally with bank notes of the Austro-Hungarian Bank, and are accepted at public banks. Another institution started by the Czecho-Slovak State is a Post Office Savings Bank of its own, which will compulsorily take over the clients of the Austrian Post Office Savings Bank living within its domain. A Giro-bank has been founded in Prague, on the model of that at Vienna, with a capital of 1,000,000 Kronen to develop the business in money and securities on the Prague Bourse, but difficulties seem to be in the way of reopening the bourse, which is under predominantly Czech management. Another step

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taken was to institute on November 9 a Technical Commission for Finance in the Office for Financial Administration, whose business will be to insure — among other things — a free circulation of currency. This Commission, which has a very extensive sphere of activities, but is only a war organization, is authorized to demand from all financial institutions clear statements as to the cash held by them. It will supervise private financial firms and exercise the functions of National Debt control. Other measures include the formation of an independent Pensions Office, a Czecho-Slovak Sugar and Spirits Commission, and a Paper Money Distribution Office, and a Central Bills Office in Prague. The government has followed the German example in requiring the excess-profits tax to be paid within 30 days of the demand being made.

The Prague banks foresee a great boom coming, and most of them have immediately effected increases of capital, although for the time being they have no use for it, and a number of industrial concerns have followed their example. There is no doubt that whatever the fate of the branches set up by the Vienna Banks may be — whether they exist independently, or become joint stock companies or withdraw from business entirely — they will have to share a number of clients with the Czech banks, since many undertakings situated in the Czecho-Slovak territory anticipate considerable benefits from such a connection. The relations between the Czech politicians and the banking profession have become very intimate, and proof of this is shown in the way the Vienna bankers have transferred deposits to the Prague banks, a course which has been adopted by many industrial concerns which have their premises in Vienna, but their works in the Czecho-Slovak State. This increase of deposits has enabled the Prague banking institutions appreciably to lower the rate of interest on credits.

Little news comes from the remaining National States. The Jugo-Slavs are preoccupied with their extension of their frontiers. Their port has been surrendered to the Italians, who have chartered three fourths of the Austro-Hungarian merchant fleet at rates profitable to the owners. South Slavonian capitalists can only participate — to any degree — in Dalmatian companies. A Fiume group acquired during the war nearly half the shares in the Austrian Lloyd, a transaction which bears a different complexion now that Austria has broken up. South Slavonia is said to be fairly well stocked with food. The old financial arrangements have been maintained. The Austro-Hungarian Bank, the Post Office Savings Bank, etc., are still active. Money is plentiful, and the interest on savings banks deposits has been reduced to 3 per cent. Various banks and similar institutions have increased their capital.

The Oesterreichische Volkswirt

THE CONDITION OF GERMANY

A SPEECH BY PRESIDENT EBERT

Ladies and Gentlemen, — The Imperial Government welcomes through me the Constituent Assembly of the German nation. With a special warmth I greet the women who for the first time appear in the Imperial Parliament with equal rights. The Provisional Government owes its mandate to the revolution. It will return it into the hands of the National Assembly. In the revolution, the German people rose against an obsolete collapsing tyranny. (Hisses from the Right.) As soon as the right of the Germans to self-deter-

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mination is assured, it returns to the road of legality. Only on the broad highway of Parliamentary discussion and decision can the urgent changes in the economic and social spheres be progressively achieved without destroying the Empire and its economic position. ('Hear, hear.') Therefore the Government welcomes in this National Assembly the supreme and single sovereign in Germany. (Applause.) We have done forever with the old kings and princes by the grace of God. (Loud applause on the Left; hisses on the Right: renewed loud applause on the Left; cries from the Right, 'Wait!') We deny no one his sentimental memories, but as surely as this National Assembly has a great Republican majority, so surely is the old God-given dependence abolished forever. The German people is free, remains free, and governs itself for all the future. (Cries from the Independent Socialists, 'With Noske.') This freedom is the one hope which remains to the German people — the one way by which it can work itself out of the bloody morass of war and defeat. We have lost the war; this is not the consequence of the revolution. (Cries from the Right, 'Oh, oh!' Cries from the Left, 'No, never!') Ladies and gentlemen, it was the Imperial Government of Prince Max of Baden which began the armistice which made us defenseless. After the collapse of our Allies, and in view of the military and economic situation, there was nothing else for it to do. ('Hear, hear.') The revolution declines the responsibility for the misery into which the evils of the old autocracy, and the arrogance of the military threw the German people. ('Hear, hear.' Loud applause from the Socialists; protests from the Right.) It is also not responsible for our serious shortage of food. ('Hear, hear.' Protests, and a cry of 'Soldiers' Councils.') The fact that by the hunger blockade we have lost many hundreds of thousands of human lives — that hundreds of thousands of men, women, children, and aged people have fallen victims to it — disposes of the story that we could have managed with our food supplies if the revolution had not come. Defeat and food shortage have handed us over to the enemy Powers. But not only we, but also our enemies, have been terribly exhausted by the war, and the feeling of exhaustion among our enemies springs from their effort to indemnify themselves at the cost of the German people, and the idea of exploitation is brought into the work of peace. These plans of revenge and oppression called for the sharpest protest. (Loud applause from all sides) The German people cannot be made the wage slaves of other nations for twenty, forty, or sixty years. (Loud applause.) The fearful disaster of the war for all Europe can only be repaired if the peoples go hand in hand. (Applause.) In view of the misery of the masses of the peoples; in view of the mass misery on every side, the question of guilt seems almost small. Still, the German people is resolved itself to call to judgment all against whom deliberate guilt or deliberate baseness can be proved. But those ought not to be punished who themselves were victims — victims of the war, victims of our former lack of freedom. ('Hear, hear,' from the Socialists.) To what end, on their own witness, did our enemies fight? To annihilate Kaiserism. Kaiserism exists no more. It is abolished forever. The very fact of this National Assembly proves it. They fought 'to destroy militarism.' It lies in ruins, and will never rise again. (Cries from the Independent Socialists, 'You are setting it up again.') According to their solemn proclamation, our enemies fought 'for justice, freedom, and a permanent peace,' but so far the armistice

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conditions have been of unprecedented severity and have been pitilessly carried through. Without more ado, Alsace is treated as French territory. The elections to the National Assembly prescribed by us have been illegally prevented. ('Shame!') The Germans have been driven out of the country — ('Shame!') — and their properties sequestrated. The occupied territory on the left of the Rhine has been cut off from the rest of Germany. The attempt is being made monstrously to extend the provision of the armistice agreement that no public property is to be made away with, and to turn it into a general financial enslavement of the German people. Though we have long been in no condition to renew the war, our eight hundred thousand prisoners of war are still kept back and most seriously threatened by psychological collapse and the hardship of forced labor. ('Shame!') In this act of Might policy, there is no trace of the spirit of reconciliation. The armistice conditions are explained on the ground that they were imposed on the old Hohenzollern régime. What justification is there for continually intensifying them against the young Socialist Republic, in spite of the fact that we do our very utmost to satisfy the very heavy obligations laid upon us? We warn the enemy not to drive us to extremities. Any German Government may one day be compelled, like General Winterfeldt, to renounce all further participation in the peace negotiations and thrust upon the enemy the whole burden of the responsibility until the new order of the world! Let them not place before us the dangerous choice between starvation and disgrace. Even a Socialist People's Government, and this one above all others, must hold fast to its principle that it would rather suffer the extremity of want than be dishonored. (Loud applause.) If to the millions who have lost everything in the war and fear to lose nothing more were added also those who believe that Germany has nothing to lose, then tactics of desperation would irresistibly prevail. Germany laid down her arms in confidence, trusting in the principles of President Wilson. Now let them give us a Wilson peace, to which we have a claim. (Applause.) Our free People's Republic — the whole German people — aims at nothing other than to enter with equal rights into the League of Nations, and there win for itself a position of respect by industry and probity. (General applause.) Germany can still do the world many services. It was a German who gave the workers of the world scientific Socialism. We are on the way to leading the world once again in Socialism, since we serve that Socialism which alone can be permanent, which increases the prosperity and the *Kultur* of the people — Socialism in process of realization. Once more we turn to all the peoples in the world with the urgent appeal to see that justice is done to the German people — not to permit the annihilation of our hopeful beginnings by the oppression of our people and our economic life. The German people has won its right to self-determination at home. It cannot sacrifice that right abroad. We cannot renounce uniting the whole German nation in the framework of a single Empire. (Applause.)

Our German-Austrian brothers as far back as November 12 last in their National Assembly declared themselves to be part of the great German Republic. (Applause.) Now the German-Austrian National Assembly has again, amid storms of enthusiasm, sent us its greeting and given expression to the hope that our National Assembly and theirs will succeed in again uniting the bonds which violence tore asunder in 1866. (Applause.) German-Austria

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must be united with the Motherland for all time. (Applause.) I am sure that I am speaking for the whole National Assembly when I welcome this historic manifestation sincerely and joyfully, and reply to it with heartfelt fraternity. (Loud applause.) The brothers of our blood and destiny can be assured that we will welcome them with open arms and hearts in the new Empire of the German nation. (Applause.) They belong to us and we belong to them. (Applause.) I may also express the hope that the National Assembly will empower the future Imperial Government to negotiate as soon as possible with the German-Austrian free State concerning the final union. (Applause.) Then there will be no more frontier posts between us. Then we shall really be a single people of brothers. (Loud applause.) Germany must not again fall into the old misery of disintegration and confinement. It is true that history and the past stand in the way of the creation of a strongly centralized unitary State, but the different tribes and tongues must be harmonized into a single nation with a single speech. (Applause.) Only a great united possibility of developing our economic life — a politically capable, strong, single Germany — can secure the future of our people. (Applause.) The Provisional Government has entered into a very evil heritage. We were the liquidators of the old régime. ('Hear, hear,' from the Left; protests from the Right; applause on the Left.) We, with the support and at the request of the Central Council of the German Workmen's and Soldiers' Councils have applied all our strength to overcoming the danger and misery of the transition period. We have done everything to set economic life in motion again. (Protests from the Right.) These continued interruptions (turning to the Right) prove truly that in the hard days which Germany has passed through in the last few weeks and months you have learned little indeed. (Storms of applause from the Left.) If the success of our work has not corresponded with our desires, the reasons must be rightly appreciated. Many employers, accustomed to the high secured profits which the war economy in the old monarchical and protectionist State created for them, have neglected to display the necessary initiative. Therefore, we address to the employers the urgent appeal to help with all their strength the restoration of production. (Applause.) On the other side we call to the workers to employ all their strength in work, which alone can save us. ('Hear, hear.') We understand the psychology of those who, after an undue expenditure of strength in time of war, now seek relaxation. We know how difficult it must be for those who have lived for years on the battlefield to settle down to peaceful work; but it must be. We must work and create values, otherwise we collapse. ('Hear, hear.')

Socialism means organization, order, and solidarity, not high-handedness, perversity, and destruction. There must no longer be room for private monopolies and capitalist profit without effort in time of national emergency. Therefore, profit is to be methodically obviated where economic development has made a trade ripe for socialization.

The future looms before us full of anxiety. In spite of all that we trust in the indestructible creative power of the German nation. ('Hear, hear.') The old foundations of the German position based on force are forever destroyed. The Prussian hegemony, the Hohenzollern army, the policy of the shining armor have been made impossible among us for all future. As November 9, 1918, follows on March 18, 1848, so must we here in Weimar com-

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plete the change from Imperialism to Idealism, from world power to spiritual greatness. ('Hear, hear.') Now must the spirit of Weimar, the spirit of the great philosophers and poets, again fill our life, fill it with the spirit described in *Faust* and in *Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre.* Not roaming in the interminable and losing one's self in the theoretical, not hesitating and wavering, but with clear vision and firm hand taking a firm hold on practical life.

So will we set to work with our great goal clear before our eyes. To maintain the right of the German people, to anchor firmly in Germany a strong democracy and to fill it with true social spirit and Socialist character. ('Hear, hear.') So shall we create an Empire of right and of righteousness, founded on the equality of everything that wears the form of mankind.

The Weimar Tageblatt

THE CONFERENCE OF BERNE ON BOLSHEVISM

'The Congress welcomes the mighty political revolutions which have broken the old imperialist and militarist system and overthrown the governments in Russia, Germany, and Austria-Hungary. The Conference calls upon the workers of all countries to develop democratic republican institutions, within which as a framework the Socialistic transformation of society can take place. The Berne Conference takes its stand immovably, in full agreement with all the congresses of the *Internationale*, on the platform of democracy. A transformation of society, increasingly determined by Socialism, cannot be accomplished, much less maintained, unless rooted in the principles of liberty secured by democracy and developed by the workers. These fundamentals of democracy — freedom of speech, of the press, and of association, universal suffrage, a responsible parliamentary system, institutions which make possible the coöperation and ultimate decision of the people, freedom of coalition, etc. — give at the same time the proletariat the democratic arms for its struggle.

'The Russian delegates have proposed that the Conference should send to Russia a commission representing all Socialist tendencies, to obtain for the *Internationale* unbiased information on the political and economic situation in Russia. While aware of the difficulties of such a task the Conference, in view of the general interest of the proletariat to learn the truth concerning these revolutionary ferments, recommends the Permanent Committee to dispatch such a delegation to Russia.

'The Conference places the question of Bolshevism on the order of the day of the next Congress, and entrusts the Committee with the execution of the necessary preliminary work. But it will not let this occasion pass without pointing out that the misery and hardships prevailing everywhere, especially in the defeated countries, as a result of the war, must lead to conditions making for social disintegration.

'Instead of using Bolshevism as a bogey, and under that name calumniating every rising of desperate proletarians, the governments should realize their own responsibility. Anti-revolutionary forces are at work everywhere. The Conference warns the present holders of power, in whose hands rests the fate of the world, against an imperialistic policy making for the military or economic subjection of the peoples. It calls upon Socialists everywhere to close their ranks, not to hand over the revolutionary peoples to international reaction, but rather to do their utmost that Socialism and democracy, with which it is indissolubly linked up, may triumph everywhere.'

Le Journal de Genève

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TALK OF EUROPE

THE MURMAN EXPEDITION

FROM accounts obtained from the latest arrivals from the Murman coast, it is learned that the Allied troops composing that part of the North Russian Expeditionary Force are in good health and condition, while everything possible is being done by the military authorities to alleviate the inevitable discomforts of extreme cold, combined with the Arctic twenty-hour night.

By the end of January the temperature had dropped to nearly forty degrees below zero Fahrenheit, while at the Port of Murmansk, which is some two hundred miles inside the Arctic circle, there are now only three or four hours of gray light in the twenty-four. The troops are for the most part accommodated in woodlined log barracks of local construction, or collapsible huts, specially brought from Norway, all of which are fitted with sleeping bunks and stoves of Russian pattern. Cinema entertainments and concerts are frequently organized, while an extensive naval and military canteen, with branches at every important military station, supplements the special rations supplied to the troops. Winter sports of all kinds are in full swing, especially skiing, while rough shooting is also to be had on the hills and in the frozen swamps bordering the railway. The special fur clothing supplied to the troops has proved efficient in the extreme cold, and comparatively few cases of frostbite have occurred.

The Allied troops, consisting of British, French, Italian, and Serbian detachments, with Russian volunteer regiments, are occupied in garrisoning the three-hundred-and-fifty-mile stretch of the Murman Railway under the Allies' control, while volunteer troops, recruited from the Red Finns and the Karelians, and administered by British officers, are distributed along the Finnish frontier to guard against any incursions. The supplies for these outposts are sent up from railhead, sometimes a distance of two hundred miles, by reindeer sledges, driven in many cases by the men's own womenfolk, two of whom have already received the Military Medal for gallant conduct in repelling an enemy raid on a food convoy.

The Russian civilian population, consisting mostly of railway officials with a sprinkling of merchant and fishing folk, who inhabit the towns of Murmansk, Kola, Kandalaksha, and Kem, the principal points in our zone of the railway, are fed and clothed by a British Supply Commission, which has representatives at each of the towns named above.

The port of Murmansk, situated about fifty miles up the Kola Inlet, is free from ice all the year round, and thus the troops are enabled to receive mails throughout the winter, whereas at Archangel the force is completely cut off for six months from the outside world. Intercommunication between the two forces, which are under the joint command of General Ironside, who succeeded General Poole, is, therefore, only possible during the winter by aeroplane, and the Flying Corps, which was organized on the Archangel front in the summer, has now been supplemented by the sending out of machines and pilots to the Murman coast force.

Major Sir Ernest Shackleton is attached to General Maynard's headquarters in the capacity of adviser on Arctic equipment, while a special force of Canadian officers and N.C.O.'s, all experienced in Klondike conditions, is attached to the force in the capacity of instructors in Arctic life. Teams of 'husky dogs' have also been specially sent over from Canada for transport work, though local reindeer, which roam in herds over the Lapp country, are chiefly used for this purpose. Leave was started for the force last December. The hospital accommodation has now been sufficiently enlarged to cope with the entire force, and the Braemar Castle, a Union Castle liner converted into a hospital ship, is used as a base hospital in the port of Murmansk.

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CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS IN GREAT BRITAIN

THE petition for the release of Conscientious Objectors was an important affair. As the covering letter to the Prime Minister said: 'The names of the signatories are probably for the most part known to you.' The number of C.O.'s in prison is now 1,314; 62 have been court-martialed since the armistice. Over 500 have been court-martialed three times, nearly 250 four times, 23 five times, and 3 six times. Personally I have very little use for the C.O. type. But I am somewhat of a believer in law keeping; and it cannot be denied that the administration of the Statute concerning C.O.'s has been an orgy of law breaking and of both absolute and comparative injustice. The clear aim of the Statute has been monstrously frustrated by the military authorities.

THE FUTURE OF THE BRITISH UNIVERSITIES

MR. H. A. L. FISHER, President of the Board of Education, recently addressed a Barnett House Conference in the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, on 'The Place of the University in the National Life.' The Master of Balliol (Mr. A. L. Smith) presided, and the large audience included several prominent members of the university, educationists, and teachers.

Mr. Fisher said great changes had come over the educational world since he first came up to Oxford in 1884. The State had now begun to exercise an influence over the direction of scientific research through the creation of a department of the Privy Council, which had been formed for the purpose of encouraging the applications of science to the practical affairs of life. The State had now become fully conscious of its responsibilities to learning and education, and of the place which institutions for the humane and scientific studies should properly hold in the national life. The war had also brought into clear relief a fact of which many of them had long been conscious, but which could not otherwise have secured a lodgment in the general consciousness of the community. All over the country people had begun to realize that the universities and technical colleges had stood for a great deal in the national equipment during these times of stress and strain. At the beginning of the war there was a most inadequate apprehension of the results which might be derived from the laboratories and brains of their universities, but by degrees the universities imposed themselves upon the State as indispensable instruments of public efficiency, and the largest drafts were made upon their resources of energy and good will. From the point of view of the State the universities of the United Kingdom and of Ireland formed a single body furnishing a crop of workers upon whose researches in the main the advance of their higher knowledge must depend. The new educational legislation would, by its enlargement of the area of State-aided education, affect the universities in three ways. Presumably it would fit a greatly increased number of young men and women for a university life, and so increase the number of candidates for the bachelor degree, and certainly it would create a greatly increased demand for teachers in the State-aided schools, all of whom would, it was to be hoped, at some time or another come within the influence of the universities. Lastly, it would create a new clientèle for extra-mural university teaching. At present the appeal of the extension movement and the Workers' Educational Association was severely limited by the fact that for the vast majority of the population education ceased with the elementary school. All this would be greatly changed by the development of cheap secondary schools and by the introduction under the Act of 1918 of a system of part-time day continuation classes. The effect would not be immediately visible, but thirty years hence it would be found to have been profound and all-pervasive, for it would have stamped the university on the consciousness of the people as a democratic institution open to all, and spreading its influence over the whole surface of national life. What needed emphasis was the value for an industrious community of an intellectual influence which, if it should be as widely diffused as one might desire, was capable in a thousand and one

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ways of altering for the better the general tone and temper of industrial life, both on the side of Capital and on the side of Labor. The workers were now beginning to look to the universities, and were half inclined to trust them. They had begun to regard them as institutions which exist for the benefit of the general public, and which represent a disinterested outlook on life. The newer universities could not affect indifference to the practice and purpose of Oxford and Cambridge, and the obligations which in former times were one-sided were beginning to be reciprocal. In this interchange and intercommunication there were seeds of rich promise for the moral and intellectual development of the nation.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

The Editors of THE LIVING AGE have recently received a letter protesting violently against the opinions expressed in these columns by **Maxim Gorki** and **Rosa Luxemburg.** We, therefore, take this opportunity of reminding all our readers of a fact which we supposed to be self-evident — that the magazine prints opinion as it finds it, and seeks neither to set before its readers such opinion as it believes most apt to win their favor nor to express views which the Editors themselves have at heart. We believe that we are doing our readers a greater and more interesting service by keeping them informed of the various currents of world-thought than we should be doing by the expression of personal views and predilections.

* * *

The League of Nations being the chief concern of the times, THE LIVING AGE takes pleasure in printing for its readers three typical expressions of opinion. **Theodore Ruyssen,** author of the first paper, is Professor of International Law at the University of Bordeaux, and President of the French Association of Peace through Law (*L'Association de la Paix par le Droit*). **Karl Kautsky** is one of the leaders of German Socialism; he has recently undertaken to heal the breach between the Majority Socialists and the Spartacist extremists. The *Nation*, from whose editorial columns the third selection has been clipped, has been perhaps the stanchest supporter of the league. Readers will notice, however, that in common with other liberal journals, the *Nation* does not find the present constitution of the league quite to its liking.

* * *

The **Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung,** from whose columns the vivid and telling account of the Revolt at Kiel has been translated, is a journal of a somewhat conservative bias. The present account is the first historical record of the revolt compiled from the documents and reports of all parties.

* * *

Colonel Sir Ronald Ross is a distinguished soldier and physician, who makes literature his avocation.

* * *

T. H. S. Escott, scholar, journalist, and politician, is the author of *The Story of British Diplomacy, Its Makers and Movements.*

* * *

Ernest Newman, of the staff of the *Observer*, is perhaps the best known of the English critics of music. Readers will recall his famous controversy with Mr. George Bernard Shaw.

* * *

We print **President Ebert's** speech, interruptions and all, and leave our readers to draw their own conclusions.

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THE SEA-GAZER IN CORNWALL

BY ALBERTA VICKRIDGE

I think there never were such halcyon calms,
Nor ever yet such plains of hyacinth sea!
All afternoon, chin propped between my palms,
I watched the spindrift, fine like filigree,
Inscribe the tide with lobe and wheel and fan
And silver runes whose meaning none might read —
Or dreamed I saw, where flickering sunlight ran
In rapier flashes through the tawny weed,
The gilded hulks of galleons, crushed and split,
And scattered gems whose tale was numberless —
Or watched the fish, in rainbow coveys, flit
Between the boughs of sunken Lyonnesse.
And when the sun had passed earth's westward rim
I'd see long shadows, shapes of mystery,
Like vast leviathans, blue-mailed and dim,
Slide terribly across the troubled sea,
Till came the spiritual moon, to steer
On fate's foredestined course her lonely hull;
And she was queenlier than Guinevere,
And more than Deidre she was sorrowful.

So, chin between my palms, I conned earth's lore;
And while those pageant hours in gray or gold
Went by, their march sufficed; I asked no more,
For life was full, and I was ten years old;
I had not mastered that sad trick we learn
Too soon, who, ill content to watch apart,
In subtler consciousness of self discern
Our kinship with the universal heart;
Who still perceive one image while we scan
The changeless earth — one face as in a glass;
Who know the dust conatural with man,
And find his likeness in the living grass;
Whose souls must hear in every wind that blows
Our own songs, sung again in fitful bars;
Who mourn our own deaths in the fading rose,
And meet our own eyes in the yearning stars.
The summer breeze is redolent of balms
Where I am gazing on the dimpled sea;
But there shall come no more such halcyon calms
Nor hyacinth days, in all the days to be.

The Poetry Review

THE EMPTY COTTAGE

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

Over the meadows of June
The plovers are crying
All night under the moon,
That silvers with ghostly light,
The thatch of the little old cottage, so lonely to-night.

. . . . . .

Lonely and empty of all delight
It stands in the blind, white night:
And under the silvery thatch there is no one to hearken
To the restless voices of plovers flying and crying
Over the meadows of June
All night under the moon;
Crying . . . .

The New Witness

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